

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

AUGUST 1, 1811.

Mr. WILLIAM HALLETT, *the Reformer, the Advocate for the Liberty of the Press, and the CRIMINAL Prosecutor of the SATIRIST.*

WE have always considered the *Reformists* as the most odious and most mischievous beings that ever cursed society; but justice compels us to declare, that the nation has recently been essentially benefited by the exertions of Mr. WILLIAM HALLETT and his worthy coadjutors!—Start not, loyal reader, at the assertion, for

“Strange though it be ’tis true.”

We will explain.—In the *Satirist* for March last (page 221., vol. viii.), in the course of our remarks on the subscription which the traitors and the reformers had entered into for the avowed purpose of rewarding Peter Finnerty, for what they termed “*his manly efforts to vindicate the liberty of the press,*” we observed as follows:—“It is only the liberty of *libelling* and insulting government, ministers, judges, and other exalted characters, which *they* (“the reformers”) consider ‘*the best rights of Englishmen.*’ But if any loyal man presume to use the press as the means of annoying *themselves*, and of exposing their iniquities, they are, it is true, equally ready to *subscribe*, but it is for the

purpose of prosecuting to conviction, not of *rewarding the convicted*. This is the *justice*, this is the impartiality of the *Burdettites*; this is the way they then shew their anxiety 'to vindicate the liberty of the press.' "What," say they, "shall the *loyal*, shall those who are contented with the present establishments of church and state presume to exercise those privileges which ought to be confined to *Jacobins and Reformers*?—Down with them! down with them! down with them! Subscribe! subscribe! subscribe! Indict! indict! indict! Such fellows must be crushed or they'll expose all our plans! The press must *only* be free *against* the Government." It is by *practically* proving the correctness of these observations, that William Hallett and his advisers have essentially served their country.—After his criminal prosecution of ourselves, after his having, to adopt the style of his chief abettor, Cobbett, sewed up our hands and bound our mouths, and then assailed us with the scourge of the law, must not the veriest driveller that ever was deluded by the falsehoods, the sophistry, the frauds, or the villanies of the Reformists sicken with disgust to hear him and his advisers talk of "the *liberty of the press*," and of "the *injustice of criminal prosecutions for libel*!"

If what we asserted of Mr. Hallett was false, why did he not vindicate his character by bringing an action for *damages*, and thus compel us either to prove the truth or acknowledge the falsehood of our assertions? Would Mr. Hallett have the world believe that he was only anxious to restrain us from provoking a breach of the *king's peace*? If this were his object, how came he to delay his prosecution for *two years*? We have heard much of Mr. Hallett's respect for the King and for the King's peace; indeed his friend Cobbett* told us that all *reformists profess great*

* Cobbett's Works, vol. ix., p. 253.

loyalty to their king, but we cannot help thinking that *other* motives induced him to stand forward as a *criminal* prosecutor. Before we allow Mr. Hallett the merit of being influenced by any anxiety to preserve either the king's or the public peace, or by any other praise-worthy desire to correct the too prevalent practice of dealing in libels and battenning on the offals of private characters; before we will believe that he imagined us to be writers of this description, and therefore worthy of exemplary punishment, we must receive from him satisfactory answers to the following queries:

1. Mr. William Hallett, were you or were you not instigated to prosecute Mr. Manners by *William Cobbett*, late of Botley in the county of Hants, and now of the common jail of Newgate in the city of London, *Registerman*; Mathew Wood of the aforesaid city, alderman and brewer's druggist, composer of wines, &c. &c. &c.; Robert Waithman of the same place, linen-draper, &c. and other persons of similar propensities and characters?

2. Were not this, and certain other prosecutions, on which indictments have not yet been found, planned in the aforesaid common jail of Newgate, in the apartment of *William Cobbett*? and was not the object of them to suppress the Satirist, and thereby to prevent the exposition of the said Cobbett's true character, and of the real principles of his abettors?

3. Has not a subscription been entered into for the purpose of defraying the expences of the said prosecutions?

4. Did not you, William Hallett, propose a subscription to reimburse William Cobbett in the expenses of his late prosecution, after he had been convicted of the atrocious and mischievous libel for which he is now suffering imprisonment in the common jail of Newgate?

5. Have you not made, or promised to make, the notorious Peter Finnerty a freeholder of Berkshire, to enable him to speak at public meetings in favor of *Reform* and of the "*Liberty of the Press*," and to reward him for what you and your associates term "*his manly efforts to vindicate the liberty of the press*," but which others call his audacious, vulgar, and atrocious abuse of the upright judges of the land?

6. Have you not *secretly* contributed to the subscription raised for the benefit of the last-mentioned infamous libeller? And did you not object to your name's being published in the list of his subscribers, because you thought it would afford subject for comment at Mr. Manners's trial?

7. Have you not been either the open or concealed rewarder of almost every notorious miscreant who has been convicted of endeavouring to excite discontent and disloyalty by the publication of mischievous and seditious libels?

8. Can you point out any one instance of the Satirist's having been made the instrument of private malignity, or of its having, for the sake of base lucre, attended to the "*civium ardor prava jubentium*;" or of its proprietor's having received one shilling either for the insertion or suppression of any article whatsoever?

9th and last. Were you not convinced, that if you had brought *an action for damages* against Mr. Manners instead of *indicting* him, he would have *justified every sentence* on the record?

If Mr. Hallett will answer these queries satisfactorily, and get two substantial householders, who are not *reformers*, to pledge themselves for his veracity, we will acknowledge most cheerfully that we have formed a very erroneous opinion of his character.

Our readers must have seen in the daily papers, advertisements, of which the following is a correct copy, taken *verbatim* from the *Times* of July 1.

“ LIBELS IN THE SATIRIST ON WILLIAM HALLETT, ESQUIRE.—Certain articles having appeared in the *Satirist* on the 1st of May, 1809, then printed by William Flint, and 1st of September, 1810, then printed by William Nauntou Jones, reflecting on the character of William Hallett, Esq. which the said printers *now verily believe to be totally unfounded in truth*; the said William Nauntou Jones hath therefore determined to discontinue the printing of the said work in future, and the said William Flint has determined not to resume the printing thereof.—Witness their hands this 24th day of June, 1811.

Old Bailey.

W. FLINT,

Printer of the said Publication to the 1st of May, 1809, inclusive.

W. N. JONES.”

The appearance of this advertisement, which was not published till July 1st, four days subsequent to Mr. Manner's commitment to the King's Bench, somewhat surprized us, as the printing of the work had *actually been taken away from Mr. Flint*,* some weeks before the day on which it is dated.—Indeed we had entered into an agreement with our present printer, to undertake the work after our trial was over, more than two months before. But what appeared most astonishing to us, was the declaration that “the said printers verily believed that the articles reflecting on Hallett's character were *unfounded in truth*!”—Now Mr. Hallett having, contrary to his *professed principles*, proceeded by way of *indictment*, and thus precluded us from bringing forward any evidence as to the *truth* or *falsehood* of these articles; and not having attempted him-

* Mr. W. N. Jones is Mr. Flint's foreman, and was merely the *nominal* printer of some of our latter numbers at Mr. F.'s desire.

self to prove them *false*, which it was still competent for *him* to do, we could not imagine what had induced Messrs. Flint and Jones, who we knew were ignorant of Mr. Hallett's character, to believe that they "*were totally unfounded in truth!*" Our astonishment, however, was but of short duration, for on Sunday, July 7th, the said Messrs. Flint and Jones solemnly declared to us, in the presence of two disinterested witnesses, that the said advertisements *were dictated, and paid for by Mr. Manners's prosecutor, William Hallet; and that they (the said printers) were compelled, by threats of prosecution, to affix their signatures!!!*

Now, reader, if this be true, by what name ought we to designate the *conduct of the man* who thus compelled them to sign a solemn declaration as to their belief of circumstances, of which he must have known them to be incapable of forming any opinion whatsoever?

We shall refrain from comment, lest indignation should transport us "*beyond the bounds of prudence,*" and proceed to make a few observations by way of moral justification of the offence for which we are now justly, and contentedly, suffering a short, but, we trust, not a disgraceful imprisonment.

Our respect for the Court, when we were brought up to receive judgment, would not allow us to persevere, contrary to their humane advice, in quoting the authority, to which we alluded, in illustration of the principles upon which we acted when we caused the articles relative to Mr. Hallett to be published; but this authority, as we then observed, our prosecutor ought to be the last man in the world to question; for it was that of his chief adviser, William Cobbett: and we shall therefore insert it here. "No man," (says this writer*) has a right to pry into his neighbour's private con-

* See Cobbett's Works, vol. i., p. 152, and vol. iv., p. 29.

cerns; and the opinions of every man are his private concerns while he keeps them so; that is to say while they are confined to himself, his family, and particular friends; but *when he makes those opinions public; when he once attempts to make converts, whether in religion, politics, or any thing else; when he once comes forward AS A CANDIDATE FOR PUBLIC ADMIRATION, ESTEEM, OR COMPASSION, his opinions, his principles, his motives, every action of his life, PUBLIC OR PRIVATE, become the FAIR SUBJECT of PUBLIC DISCUSSION!*"

We conjure our readers to recollect that this was written by Mr. Hallett's bosom friend and chief adviser; we also conjure them to bear in mind, that the chief libel for which he prosecuted us was contained in some comments upon his conduct for having proposed a *public subscription* to reimburse this same William Cobbett the expenses of his recent prosecution for the foulest, most malicious, and most seditious libel against our own government, and in favour of that of our arch enemy, Buonaparte, that ever disgraced the press, and that in the course of those comments we gave the following extract from the works of this libeller, to whom Mr. Hallett, our prosecutor, is so fondly attached.

"At a time like this, what must be thought of the rancorous rascal who abuses *his own country*, and places her *beneath France*? Ought he not to be looked upon as the *AGENT OF FRANCE*? And ought he not to be shunned as a viper by every native of the country on which he has attempted to cast such malicious slander! **BLASTED BE THE BRITON WHO CONTINUES AFTER THIS TO GIVE HIS CUSTOM OR HIS COUNTENANCE TO THIS DEFAMER OF OUR NATION!** Yet there are such!" (Cobbett's Works, vol. ix., p. 23.)

Read this, Mr. William Hallett, read it! read it! read it!—"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it."—If

your friend Cobbett had then good grounds for asserting that there were such "*blast-worthy Britons*," what has he now? Now that he has himself become the *panegyrist of France!* and found a Briton "*who gives his custom and his countenance to such a defamer of our nation?*"

How could we after this—How could we, after hearing the repeated shouts of the *Reformers* (with whom Mr. Hallett wishes to be classed) against *criminal prosecutions* for libel; after their reiterated declarations that all such prosecutions were *unjust, illegal, and oppressive*, we repeat, how could we imagine that the moment the *liberty of the press* was exercised against *themselves*, they would *themselves* become the most virulent of *criminal prosecutors*?

We acted upon their own professed principles, and we really did not believe that they would have the folly or the effrontery to illustrate, what we had always asserted, that their object was delusion, and that as a man "*may smile, and smile and be a villain*," so may he with sentiments and professions in favor of *liberty and humanity* continually in his mouth, be, in his heart, a *tyrant* and an *oppressor*!

These observations are intended to allude to the modern *Patriots* and *Reformers generally*, and not particularly to any individual; but we cannot refrain from declaring that we rejoice, heartily rejoice, in spite of the inconvenience of imprisonment, that we have been made an example illustrative of *one reformer's PRACTICE!*

We again acknowledge the justice of our sentence, and shall only say further, that we were hurried into a violation of the law by the indignation which we felt against those whom we considered as meditating its subversion, and against those (and *their abettors*) who were endeavouring to excite discontent, disloyalty, and disunion; to draw British sword against British breasts, and to deluge the fields of England with the blood of Englishmen!

STERLING PATRIOTISM!!!

"THINGS are coming to a crisis!" as the Newgate student exultingly observes in his Register, which is now reduced to *one a week!* and we see, that some folks are very anxious that they should do so. It is, indeed, scarcely credible, that the author of a late attempt should be an hereditary legislator, or a man of extensive landed property, and with much at stake; but then as a noble patriot observes "*his conduct is very patriotic;*" and no doubt it is so. Some people, indeed, have denied this, but we must contend that it is strictly so; that it is completely in unison with all other modern *patriotic* proceedings; and more particularly so, as the noble vindicator said, "that it is done to shew *ministers* in what a situation *they* have placed the country." Of what consequence is it to a modern patriot that his proceedings endanger the stability of credit, the peace of society, or the welfare of the country? Of what consequence are these trifles, if the *ministry* can be made to *feel!* Others, indeed, may *feel* too; but then if they can be persuaded that those distresses arise from the *present* ministry, *the* said ministry must *go out*, and a new one come in, who will of course send to France for all the exported bullion, and have it sent back all in *gold snuff-boxes* with the picture of NAPOLEON on the lid, encircled with olive wreaths, and *Portugal* laurels!

But, jesting apart!—as extraordinary means have been used to lead the people astray on a subject, simple in itself but rendered most patriotically perplexing, by bullion and other reports, we feel it a duty in the name of common sense, to call the attention of our readers to an ex-

amination of the *grand aphorism* that *Bank Notes* are exactly of the same nature as *French Assignats*, and *American paper currency*, and subject therefore to the same chance of depreciation. If indeed this parallel holds good, we must perforce allow that equal causes may produce equal effects; but if we can shew that the *supposition* is *false*, the deduction from it must of course be false also, and the *depreciators* must have recourse to other arguments before they can shew that the want of gold has reduced the value of paper. It is, perhaps, difficult to conceive what an honest man could have proposed by the measure of which we have already spoken. To get *gold* from his tenants, he could not expect; and though he offered to take *Bank Notes* at a *discount*, we have not heard that he has offered to pay his butcher or his tailor at the same rate; nor can he excuse himself from that, by saying that they charge the discount in their prices, for prices have not yet risen; of what use then specifically would *gold* be to him? not to go cheaper to market most certainly—not because it will pay Opera subscriptions more easily, or pass current with more facility in King's Place, or at Brookes's; nor have the collectors of charitable subscriptions yet made any difference between cash and bank notes; and surely *his lordship* cannot mean to *export it*! Must we suppose then that by his *practice* he wishes to insure the certainty of the theory that *Bank Notes* are no better than *assignats* or *paper dollars*?—But that these are not the same, we have now to show. *American paper currency* was issued by a rebellious and revolutionary *government* before they had a prospect of *stability*: of course the value of their paper depended on the chances of their eventual success. Much of it, indeed, has since been paid, and many speculative individuals have realized immense fortunes. With respect to *assignats*, they were likewise

issued by a *revolutionary Government*; they were also issued on the security of national lands whose sale value was uncertain; and being issued to pay *current expenses*, they left behind them no stable capital, on which claims to liquidate them might afterwards be made; finally, their value became deteriorated at the treasuries of the various governments of France at that time, as *Assignats* of particular issues were refused in lieu of taxes and contributions, and therefore the *French Government* assisted in the deterioration, in order to open a circulation for fresh issues.

Now in which of these instances do Bank notes correspond with assignats and American paper? We can safely answer in none; and we defy the advocates for deterioration to point out any other! Our *Exchequer Bills* are indeed issued by government; they are strictly *Government Paper*; but then they bear interest, which is regularly paid, and they are still received at the Treasury, in lieu of Bank Notes and Guineas!

In short, BANK NOTES are not GOVERNMENT PAPER; but *commercial securities* issued by a *commercial company* of private individuals; connected with the government it is true, but who do not, and cannot issue their notes except on real value of bonds, Exchequer bills &c., or on the personal security of merchants &c. by discounting bills. The Bank Directors cannot issue notes for their own private expenses; they do not give them to government to pay for contracts; nor do they give, or even lend them to individuals, except on good security; so that if all the Bank Notes were at this instant to be called in as a great proportion of them are issued on property in their hands, that property must be redeemed by the owners, and that redemption must either be done by *Bank notes* or by *Gold*: in the former way, those *Bank notes* would therefore be withdrawn from circulation, without the Bank paying for

them in specie; as, in the latter case, the *Gold* would enable the Directors in addition to the *Bullion in their possession*, to pay the surplus of Bank notes, if such a *surplus remained*, after the securities were withdrawn. It is evident indeed that there is bullion enough in the country to pay off all the Bank notes in circulation, although the bullion in the Bank might not be sufficient, so that even at a moment's notice, any quantity of Bank notes that could be brought in on demand, would soon be discharged; for it would be the interest of all those who are indebted to the Bank, to withhold as many notes as possible, in order that the Directors might not be obliged to enforce their claims.

It may indeed be objected that the Bank pay the *dividends of the Funds* with their own notes; that they do so is true; but then we must recollect that these Funds are *government securities*, and that the Bank have good security from Government for the sums so advanced, so that their paying the dividends amounts to no more than their discounting the bill of an individual.

Upon the whole we see that nothing would be more easy for the Bank than to pay their notes, or to withdraw them from circulation, which is exactly the same thing; but what would be the consequence? Why simply this; the Bullion which they would pay for a certain quantity of these notes would be smuggled over to the enemy's coast, and the public would neither have gold, silver, nor Bank notes as a circulating medium. All business must then be done by barter; the country though much inconvenienced, would neither be richer nor poorer; the farmers would be obliged to pay their rents in kind; in some counties, this would be in corn, in others in live stock; and thus Lord K—— might be himself obliged to drive his *own pigs to a bad market!!!*

NEW RIDINGS OF SHAKSPEARE.

" Behold NOVERRE the mimic art restore;
 Medea raves and Phædra weeps no more.
 Here sense and shew decide their long dispute,
 For man turns puppet, and the Stage is mute,
 Ungraceful Hamlets, awkward Romeos fly!
 Let *Mother Goose* more worthy themes supply.
 On the vast stage, o'er many an acre spread,
 Be *lowing herds* and *num'rous squadrons* led."

MR. SAT.,

When the anonymous poem, from which these lines were taken, was published twenty years ago, the generality of readers little suspected that the man was then living who was to fulfil the prophecy; they little thought that their favourite actor was to personify the man on the white horse mentioned in this Theatrical Apocalypse, or that he should enact the part of the "Horse and his Rider;" nor did they exclaim with *Claudio* in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—

" Or whether that the body politic be
 " A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
 " Who, newly on the scat, that it may know
 " He can command, lets it straight feel the spurs."

Yet I cannot help regretting that the present equestrio-theatrico system had not been adopted during the O. P. row. Don Juan and his horse might then both have descended from their pedestal: and the manager might have charged the malcontents at the head of his cavalry, instead of bringing up his reserve of *Hit-ites* and other Jewish Infantry against the *Pit-ites*, and other *Protestant* rebels. However as the manager was tired out, perhaps his cavalry

might have been so also, according to the opinion of *Gratiano* in the *Merchant of Venice*, who asks,

"Where is the horse that doth untired give
 "His tedious measures with the unabated fire
 "That he did pace them first?"

That this might have happened from a continued resistance to those "tedious measures" is extremely probable; as the public, though for peace sake, like the unhappy *Richard* they might have said,

—"I was not made an horse
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,"

would soon have exclaimed,

"That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand,
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him,
 "Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
 "(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
 "Of that proud man that did usurp his back?"

I am happy to say however, *Mr. Sat.*, that the manager having at length got rid of his *aitches*, is determined to give up his *new readings*, and to treat the public with some *new ridings* of our immortal poet. The first symptom he displayed of this determination working in his mighty mind was in his address to a new female candidate for histrionic fame.

"Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapped,
 "Their harness studded all with gold and pearl!"

And it was at one time his intention to have dismissed all his biped performers, imagining that he and his horses would make an excellent company. But as *Biondello* says in the "*Taming of the Shrew*"

"Nay by Saint Jany, I hold you a penny,
 A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many."

So he began to count the cost, and found that the expense would be nearly the same, remembering well what *Orlando*

tells us in "As you like it"—"his horses are fed better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their menage; and to that end *Riders are dearly hired.*"

Another circumstance may, perhaps, have induced him not to perform Shakspeare with horses only. In the whole annals of the stage, we never heard of a performer *kicking* a manager; but this is said to have happened in the *sub-thespian* stable when the indignant manager peevishly exclaimed,

"Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!"

At one period he imagined, that he could make his horses speak; in this he was in some measure encouraged by his equestrian prompter, who having picked up a leaf of "*Troilus and Cressida*," told him in the words of Thersites—"I shall sooner rail thee into wit and politeness: but I think thy *horse* will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book;" nor do I think he has yet given up the idea. But the public, you may say, will not permit the stage to be trod by horses only—why, Sir, though *Lear* has said, "it were a delicate stratagem to shoe a horse with felt," yet I believe that a great mass of the public, as Mr. Sheridan said in the house, like performers who make *a noise in the world*; of what consequence is it then, whether their plaudits are drowned by a troop of rough shod horses, or by the whining and ranting of——&c., &c., &c., &c.! Besides, I fear that what the public may say is of little consequence, when we recollect how applicable that passage is in *Coriolanus*.—

Sicinius. "He lov'd his mother dearly."

Menenius. "So he did me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse!"

In short, Mr. Sat., we may now expect to see Shakspeare

enacted with some regard to the text. Richard, after taking off his armour, may now put it on, and when he exclaims

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

White Surry may then be led in for the ardent moment.

But the greatest improvements, and that which will bring the greatest houses will be "Peeping Tom;" particularly if Mrs. Harry Johnston performs the part of *Godiva* according to the legend! Why, Sir, I shall go myself, and "I shall take Maud; but no—the sight would be lost upon Maud;" however Mr. Sat., when it does take place, I shall get a front seat, and you may expect a fair criticism, in which I shall mention nothing but the naked truth!

Your's

A ROUGH RIDER.



THE HELL-DOG AND THE CANICIDE.

(*A Fragment.*)

I.

*** "O spare me! O spare me!"—"Vile Canicide, no!"

The ghost of old Rover replied,

"Lo! from this gaping wound did my life's current flow,

" 'Twas thy minion, fell wretch, dealt the merciless blow,

" 'Twas by thy savage mandate I died!"

II.

The flash of the storm now illumined the night,

And the *Hell-dog* glared fearful to view,

The guilt-stricken *Canicide* shrunk at the sight,

"Alas!" he exclaim'd, "I acknowledge, dear sprite,

"Thy charges against me are true."

III.

"But reflect! O reflect and have mercy, sweet brute,
"That I harbour'd no malice 'gainst thee;
"My orders were *general* to poison and shoot;
"I sought to destroy thy whole race, branch and root,
"Save such as were kenneled by me."

IV.

"The gun was not loaded, nor *poison balls* laid,
"For thee, honest Rover, I swear——"
Here the fiend, interrupting him, furiously said,
"Nor was HELL for *thee only*, base *Canicide*, made;
Yet, dam'me, thou soon shalt be there!"

V.

"Oh! think of my *Gardener*, my daughters, my wife!"
The fear-subdued *Canicide* cried,
"Oh! think of my hopes, ere I quitted this life,
"To see liberty, plunder and anarchy rise,
"And Britain with British blood dyed."

VI.

"Thy wife and thy daughters no solace shall need,
"Together they'll happily dwell,
"Thy *Gardener* for others shall cultivate seed,
"And Britons, thou know'st, are quite sick of thy breed,
"So come, willy nilly, to Hell."

VII.

Now shrill howl'd the hell-dog—and sudden around
A myriad of yells fill'd the air,
And packs of dog-gobblins sprang fierce from the ground,
Who died by the *Canicide's* *poison* or *wound*,
And long'd their destroyer to tear.

VIII.

As they opened their gum-bereft jaws at their prey,
The worms from their nostrils dropt out,
Nor flesh, skin, nor hair on their bodies had they—
"Have at him," growl'd Rover—The hell-packs obey,
And seize on the *Canicide's* snout.

ON ATTORNEYS.

Non est jam lenitati locus ; severitatem res ipsæ flagitant.

CICERO.

MR. SATIRIST,

AMONGST those liberal professions which have received the particular attention and study of men of genius and erudition, that of the law has been deservedly classed ; and indeed the host of brilliant characters, whose rays have burst through the otherwise impenetrable mist of antiquity, and whose names, in defiance of the scythe of time, are emblazoned on the literary annals of ancient days, sufficiently manifest that a thorough understanding of the municipal laws of our country was, even in the earliest periods, venerated and esteemed by our unlettered ancestors. Respect and gratitude in all ages have been paid to those who, by acquiring a profound knowledge of the laws of their country, became its most able and strenuous supporters and champions ; and are peculiarly due to such men in this nation, where an accurate acquaintance with our laws can only be obtained by intense application, and by a tedious extraction of principle, from a most voluminous mass of theoretic and practical matter. The disgrace and contumely under which the inferior branch of the legal profession has for ages laboured, arising from the infamous practices of some of its constituent members, has frequently been so excessive, as at once completely to stigmatize every individual who embraced the profession of an attorney, and almost to reduce the very name to an epithet of ignominious reproach. Dr. Goldsmith, in one of his poems, which, if it is not the most elegant, is certainly as ingenious as any of his productions, describing the only fault of one of his friends, says,

Then what was this failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, (could he help it?) a *special attorney*.

An insinuation, evidently, that this was the *only abusive* term which he could apply. The proneness to deceit, and the fallibility of human nature, are such, that unworthy characters will obtrude themselves, and be found in every station of life; and in the profession of the law, where the temptations are so manifold, and the means of access so easy, we must admit that the transgressors have been particularly numerous. The necessitous, and I may almost add, the indigent part of mankind have always been the peculiar prey of this (as it has been emphatically called) harpy tribe; and consequently have been often obliged, however unwillingly, to submit to the grossest fraud and imposition. The most artful quibbles, the most deceitful sophistry, and the meanest and most disgraceful chicanery, have been considered as the characteristic and constitutional properties of attorneys, from the most remote period, even when they were first instituted; and so extreme, at one time, were the inconveniences and injuries accruing to the public, by the increase of attorneys, who perpetually involved their neighbours in perplexed and vexatious suits and controversies, that so early as the reign of King Henry the Sixth, or about one hundred and seventy years after the original licence granted to individuals to sue and defend by proxy, we find that an act of parliament was passed for the express purpose of limiting their numbers in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. We must notwithstanding lament, that so contumelious a stigma, however it might have been, at one time, deserved by a part, should ever have been cast upon a class of men, who beyond a doubt are, generally speaking, most useful and necessary members of society: a prejudice so deeply rooted as that to which I allude, is more difficult to eradicate, than upon a cursory consideration may be conceived. A vulgar and illiterate man who may have suf-

ferred, either justly or unjustly, through the agency of an attorney, and whose mind may be also willing to imbibe any notions prejudicial to his superiors, immediately pours forth, with all the volubility of plebeian scurrility, his hatred and detestation of the man who, he imagines, has injured him; and the inferior classes, who are either unable or averse to reason and discrimination, instantly avow their abhorrence of the whole body. For the glory of the present reign has been reserved the restoration of that dignity and power which are most justly the right of this order of men collectively; and it is surely matter of exultation that so great a majority of those who now practise in our courts of judicature in this capacity, are decidedly men of the most unimpeached and scrupulous integrity. The few who still exist a disgrace and reproach to this otherwise truly respectable profession, will I doubt not in due time be weeded, and rooted out from its records; and attorneys, instead of being branded with ignominy, will receive the united gratitude and respect of mankind.

The avocation of an attorney is one of the most arduous of undertakings; and, independent of the great responsibility which attaches to him, his application and exertions must be unwearied and without cessation. To the charge of the other learned professions is committed our corporeal and spiritual welfare, the preservation of the health of our bodies and the salvation of our souls; but the defence of our temporal wealth, our rights as members of society, and even the safety of our persons, are entrusted to the profession of the law. The situation of an attorney is often indeed peculiarly critical; for, as from the variety of cases in which he is frequently concerned, and in which he is the original adviser, the prime agent, and the main spring, his liability to errors which may be fatal, is great, so is his responsibility adequate, and his punishment summary.

Having premised thus much, it is my intention in the present paper to represent to your readers the characters of a few of those men, who still dishonour this profession; and in that capacity which I have at former times assumed, to expose to merited reproof the scandalous actions which at various periods have marked their passage through life. I think it totally unnecessary to insult the public by offering any apology for the *personality* of my satiric observations; and shall simply state, that I consider the following extracts from works of undoubted excellence as indisputable authority.

“There is no succeeding in the secret purposes of dishonesty without preserving some sort of credit among mankind, as there cannot exist a more impotent creature than a knave convict. To expose therefore the false pretensions of counterfeit virtue, is to disarm it at once of all power to do mischief, and to perform a public service of the most advantageous kind in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed of an honest satirist is not only beneficial to the world, in giving an alarm against the designs of an enemy so dangerous to all social intercourse, but as proving likewise the most efficacious preventive to others of assuming the same character of distinguished infamy. Few are so totally vitiated as to have abandoned all sentiments of shame; and when every other principle of integrity is surrendered, we generally find the conflict is still maintained in this last post of retreating virtue.”

“*Satire never can have effect without a personal application. It must come home to the bosoms, and often to the offences of particular men.*”

The first whom I shall introduce upon the stage of censure is an attorney at present resident in one of the midland counties. From the singular manner of his proceed-

ing, I may perhaps without much impropriety denominate him, an *itinerant practitioner*; for as monopoly of business is apparently his ambition, he thinks one town too confined a sphere of action. To the appellation of a gentleman he never had the most distant claim; and indeed he seems to have considered it beneath his notice, as he commenced his career in life by acquiring notoriety as a cock-fighter and gambler, and by surpassing the most profligate votarist of dissipation in the concomitant vices of profaneness and obscenity. For the meanest and most illiberal actions he has long been celebrated; and under the appearance of pompous show, and profuse ostentation, he disguises the most overbearing oppression, and the most sordid covetousness. Equally lost to every sense of shame, as he is incapable of any feeling of humanity or honor, he boldly sacrificed to the most inordinate desire for the acquirement of lucre, every obstacle which presumed to oppose the gratification of this his darling propensity. Not content with having reduced *himself* to the lowest degree of infamy in the opinion of every one acquainted with his character, he scrupled not to *connive at*, and *participate in the price of the prostitution of his own daughter!!!*—To her apartment in the newly erected mansion of this miscreant, a private entrance was actually constructed by the order, and under the direction, of her unnatural and impious parent, for the more easy access of her no less iniquitous, though **MONOURABLE** paramour!!!

O fœditatem hominum flagitiosam; o impudentiam, nequitiam libidinem non ferendam!! *Sed ea velim reprehendas, SI POTES.*

I will now leave this man to the contemplation of his likeness, the features of which he cannot deny; and proceed to the delineation of another, who resides not many miles distant from the former, and in one of the counties ad-

joining to Nottinghamshire. The representative of a truly respectable family, and endowed with abilities of no mean quality, which were improved by a liberal education, it was fondly hoped that he would have proved a blessing to his friends, an honor to his family, and a valuable member of his profession, but lamentable indeed is the contrast. Young in years, but in iniquity long practised, his debauchery and irregularity acting upon a constitution naturally delicate, have already produced a premature old age; debilitated and bowing towards the grave, this decrepid young man presents a melancholy example of the baneful effects of libertinism and licentiousness. With Cicero I pause astonished at the magnitude of those crimes, which during the short period of his manhood have already blotted his page in the book of fate.

Quid enim mali aut sceleris fingi aut excogitari potest, quod non ille conceperit?

Ungovernable in his passions, avaricious in all his dealings, and nefarious in his practice, the attempt were vain to recount the various instances of his marvellous guilt. The distressing crime of female seduction in him possesses a distinguished advocate, and practical supporter; and I cannot forbear recording a circumstance particularly illustrative of the dreadful consequences produced by this detestable, though too generally palliated vice. It was the calamitous fate of a young woman, who till then had lived happily, virtuously, and contentedly, in retirement, and for whom it would have been well if she had been "born to blush unseen," to attract the notice of this licentious lawyer. By flattering promises and plausible professions, and the other usual methods which it were here needless to enumerate, he overcame all her scruples, and effected his accursed purpose. Being soon satiated by possession, he

abandoned the deluded female to her fate. By him she became the mother of two helpless infants, who, together with their wretched mother, were consigned by this unfeeling miscreant to a merciless and hard-hearted parish. Forsaken and despised by her relatives, this miserable woman made repeated applications for assistance to the author of all her wrongs, but as often was she spurned and rejected with the greatest cruelty; and during her absence, in one of those futile endeavors to procure subsistence for her starving babes, the ruthless *flames consumed them both*, and delivered them from a world where their unhappy birth subjected them to scorn and oppression, and where the very author of their existence had proved their greatest enemy!!

I turn with horror from any further description of this man, whose own excesses have almost cut the thread of his existence; but ere I depart from the same neighbourhood, I will select another member of the same profession, whose exemplary crimes demand the particular attention of the *Satirist*, and are still fresh in the recollection of the public. Depravity we may almost imagine to have been one of his *hereditary* properties, as his father, on account of his mal-proceedings, was precluded by the interposition of the law from the further exercise of his profession, or, to use somewhat more technical phraseology, was struck off the roll. Unappalled by the fate of his parent, and unmindful that the same might eventually await himself, he was no sooner enabled to act as an attorney, than he pursued precisely the same track of deceit and dishonesty, which had ultimately led to the irretrievable infamy of his father. The sole effect which that circumstance produced upon the son, was to make him rather more circumspect in the construction of his plans of rascality; and by the most refined hypocrisy and dissimulation, he deceived and defrauded

even the most wary persons. Amongst various acts of knavery, he was often guilty of the grossest forgeries; and has obtained large sums of money from his unsuspecting clients, under the pretence and for the purpose of investing them upon societies, whilst they were in fact appropriated to his own use. With these sums he purchased mortgages and other securities, which upon a slight inspection had every appearance of being correct; but were afterwards discovered to contain fictitious names and imaginary property. This farce, which was attended by others of a similar nature, could only be maintained for a short time; but previous to the developement, which happened about two years ago, the author fled with his prize of ill-gotten wealth. The men whose confidence he had thus abused, and whose money he had thus villainously purloined, immediately caused advertisements descriptive of his person and appearance, and offering a reward for his apprehension, to be inserted in the public prints; but the crafty object of their search eluded every vigilant pursuit, and finally set all their exertions at defiance by escaping from England.

As the profession is no longer burthened with this odious character, I will dwell no longer upon his deformities; but before I conclude this article, I will offer a few comments upon a man who for many years has resided within twenty miles of this town, and whose systematic villainy deserves the most severe castigation. Your readers will perhaps be of opinion that my examples have already been sufficiently numerous, I will therefore confine myself to the narration of a single fact, which, whilst it will identify his person to your *provincial* perusers, will at the same time manifest to the world the little confidence to which such a man is entitled, and the audacious frauds which he hesitates not to commit.

Some time since, this attorney was summoned in haste to prepare the will of one of his clients, who then lay gasping on the bed of sickness, and whose life was pronounced by his medical attendants to be in such imminent danger as to preclude all hope of recovery, even in the most sanguine breast. Being possessed of considerable property, it was a matter of consequence to his surrounding relatives and friends, that every expedition as well as accuracy should be exerted on this occasion; and in this posture of affairs, our hero was introduced into the chamber of his dying client, to be the principal assistant in the performance of an act, which, so far as it concerns the temporal wealth of individuals, and its subsequent disposition, is decidedly the most momentous and solemn occurrence of life. Notwithstanding the laws of various countries essentially differ in the power allowed in the distribution of property after death, they all unite in directing the most scrupulous attention to be paid to the will and apparent intention of a testator to the extent of that power, when attended by certain requisites, which the legislatures of different states have prescribed as indispensable; and this fact alone testifies that the execution of an instrument of such infinite importance was ever considered as being accompanied by the most cautious exactness. In the days of barbarism the will of a soldier dying in the field of battle, either written in characters of blood upon his shield, or traced with a javelin in the sand, was decreed to be binding upon his heirs; and Tully entertained so high an opinion of the importance of a will, that he declares,

"In publicis actis nihil est lege gravius; in privatis firmissimum est testamentum."

At this awful hour, when the soul apparently lingered on the verge of eternity, and in the performance of this

solemn act a scheme as diabolical as ever entered the heart of man presented itself to the imagination of this attorney, and no sooner was it conceived than adopted. The transition was easy ; and accordingly, instead of the name of the nephew of the dying man, to whom it was his intention to give the bulk of his property, *the miscreant inserted his own!!!*—Villainy so unparalleled was not however allowed by the Great Disposer of events to obtain its purpose ; for to the astonishment of his friends, and to the everlasting confusion of this imposing knave, the gentleman recovered, and the fraud was shortly afterwards revealed. Yet this man continues to practise, and is still the scourge of those whose unhappy lot it is to come within the reach of his influence.

Are these the men to whom the nearest and dearest ties, and the most important concerns of families are to be entrusted ? Can the fortune, or even the reputation, of any man be for a moment secure, when men such as these roam abroad, who know too well how to conceal their scandalous conduct under the mask of apparent integrity and insinuating manners ? Although we ought not perhaps to expect from men in this situation of life the most strict examples of religious purity, are they therefore to be absolved from every obligation of humanity, morality, and virtue ; to infringe every compact of society, and to set at nought all the ordinances of God ? In short, what crime, however detestable or diabolical, will a man hesitate to perpetrate, *when he can deliberately be concerned in the prosecution of a fellow-creature for the commission of an offence of which he is himself guilty.*

CENSOR.

Nottingham, 18th July, 1811.

THE ENGLISHMAN. No. V.

"Æquam memento rebus in arduis

"Servare mentem, non secus in bonis

"Ab insolenti temperatam

"Lætitia."

HORACE.

So large a portion of evil is necessarily mixed with the more agreeable objects of every man's wishes, and so numerous are the difficulties and disappointments which we are sure to meet with in this chequered scene of life, that the acquisition of that degree of complacency and indifference to the impulses of external objects, which will prevent a man from becoming the sport of his passions, and enable him to endure, with decency and propriety, any little calamity which may be inflicted on him by the hand of Providence, must be considered as one of the most desirable attainments that can occupy any one's wishes and exertions. In order to accomplish this, it is not necessary, nor perhaps even desirable to possess the stubborn insensibility of a stoic, or the invincible firmness of a Cranmer or a Latimer. The number of those men who are ever exposed to severe trials is infinitely small, when compared with those, who, without any rational cause of complaint, consider themselves the most miserable of created beings, and are constantly rendering themselves and their friends unhappy, by their tedious repinings at the accumulated weight of ideal miseries by which they are oppressed, and by the habitual dejection of countenance, by means of which they endeavour to excite sympathy in the breasts of those unfortunate beings, to whom they assiduously communicate their unharmonious lamentations. The unhappy race of mortals who thus render themselves the voluntary victims of wretchedness, may be distinguished by the

names of the crokers, the peevish, the frantic, and the sulky.

The croker constantly pretends to an eminent degree of sagacity and penetration; and can always foresee the probable event of every project with greater precision and perspicuity than his neighbours. If a military or naval expedition be in agitation, he asserts that its object is futile, and the means employed inefficacious: if a new ministry become the topic of conversation, he predicts that its existence cannot be of long duration, and that the schemes of its members will prove equally abortive with the projects of their predecessors. If an intended marriage be mentioned, he professes to hope that the couple may be happy, but insinuates that he doubts of the ultimate felicity of the connubial union: if a party of pleasure be projected, he is officiously eager to anticipate the unfavourable state of the weather. In short, whatever is the topic, the croker only regards the gloomy shadows of the prospect, and exerts his imagination in devising some obstacles to damp the ardour and extinguish the brilliant expectations of hope, and to envelope our views in the sombre shade of despair and infelicity. But however destructive of domestic comfort and happiness the presence of these disturbers of private tranquillity may be, yet the inquietude of a political croker is infinitely more baneful and more to be deprecated, inasmuch as it is subversive of the good order of the community at large. This is more particularly the case, if these sentiments of discontent are disseminated by a man whose rank and situation in life, or whose actual or supposed abilities are likely to claim attention, and to influence the minds of his fellow subjects.

Another distinguishing feature of discontentment is peevishness, and certainly no passion can more effectually

THE ENGLISHMAN. No. V.

"Æquam memento rebus in arduis

"Servare mentem, non secus in bonis

"Ab insolenti temperatam

"Lætitia."

HORACE.

So large a portion of evil is necessarily mixed with the more agreeable objects of every man's wishes, and so numerous are the difficulties and disappointments which we are sure to meet with in this chequered scene of life, that the acquisition of that degree of complacency and indifference to the impulses of external objects, which will prevent a man from becoming the sport of his passions, and enable him to endure, with decency and propriety, any little calamity which may be inflicted on him by the hand of Providence, must be considered as one of the most desirable attainments that can occupy any one's wishes and exertions. In order to accomplish this, it is not necessary, nor perhaps even desirable to possess the stubborn insensibility of a stoic, or the invincible firmness of a Cranmer or a Latimer. The number of those men who are ever exposed to severe trials is infinitely small, when compared with those, who, without any rational cause of complaint, consider themselves the most miserable of created beings, and are constantly rendering themselves and their friends unhappy, by their tedious repinings at the accumulated weight of ideal miseries by which they are oppressed, and by the habitual dejection of countenance, by means of which they endeavour to excite sympathy in the breasts of those unfortunate beings, to whom they assiduously communicate their unharmonious lamentations. The unhappy race of mortals who thus render themselves the voluntary victims of wretchedness, may be distinguished by the

names of the crokers, the peevish, the frantic, and the sulky.

The croker constantly pretends to an eminent degree of sagacity and penetration; and can always foresee the probable event of every project with greater precision and perspicuity than his neighbours. If a military or naval expedition be in agitation, he asserts that its object is futile, and the means employed inefficacious: if a new ministry become the topic of conversation, he predicts that its existence cannot be of long duration, and that the schemes of its members will prove equally abortive with the projects of their predecessors. If an intended marriage be mentioned, he professes to hope that the couple may be happy, but insinuates that he doubts of the ultimate felicity of the connubial union: if a party of pleasure be projected, he is officiously eager to anticipate the unfavourable state of the weather. In short, whatever is the topic, the croker only regards the gloomy shadows of the prospect, and exerts his imagination in devising some obstacles to damp the ardour and extinguish the brilliant expectations of hope, and to envelope our views in the sombre shade of despair and infelicity. But however destructive of domestic comfort and happiness the presence of these disturbers of private tranquillity may be, yet the inquietude of a political croker is infinitely more baneful and more to be deprecated, inasmuch as it is subversive of the good order of the community at large. This is more particularly the case, if these sentiments of discontent are disseminated by a man whose rank and situation in life, or whose actual or supposed abilities are likely to claim attention, and to influence the minds of his fellow subjects.

Another distinguishing feature of discontentment is peevishness, and certainly no passion can more effectually

eradicate every particle of benevolence from the human mind; for, though it does not display itself in paroxysms of fury and violence, its operations are unremitting, and its injurious effects inevitable. The irascibility of a peevish man is excited from the most trifling occasions. An almost imperceptible deviation from the usual formalities of the dining-table, or an ideal impropriety in the culinary preparations, is amply sufficient to embitter the happiness of an Epicurean tyrant. Many an antiquated maiden has experienced the most restless and distressing solicitude and irritation, on seeing a thoughtless and ill-fated visitor place his feet on the hearth or fender, or suffer his dogs to follow him into her house. Some ladies will faint even at the picture of a cat, and dread the actual presence of that harmless and useful domestic animal more than the sight of a Medusa. A late noble Lord in the neighbourhood of Derby had a similar antipathy to the sight of a gun. Indeed, instances of malignant caprice and fastidious irritability are constantly obtruding themselves on our notice. These failings may sometimes be considered as the offspring of too delicate sensibility, but will more frequently be found to proceed from the indulgence of particular humours or desires. Thus the captiousness of old age is excited by the slightest deviations from certain customs, which have been indulged so long as to be considered the standard of perfection. The constant recurrence of even the most exquisite pleasure will in time become cloying and insipid; and thus old people, from a repetition of the same scenes, and the same manners, gradually lose their relish for them, and become the victims of ceaseless inquietude and uneasiness. This they are unwilling to attribute to any error in their own imaginations or ideas, or to the natural decay of their mental faculties, and therefore impute it to a want of respect and obsequious

attention in those who are unfortunate enough to live within the reach of their influence.

But the peevishness and moroseness of disease or old age, are most assuredly much less formidable and offensive than the paroxysms of fury and violence which characterize the passionate man. The captious dotard, or the fretful monument of stale virginity, seldom have it in their power to exercise their malignance in a violent degree; rage generally takes up its abode in more powerful breasts, and inflames the blood which flows in more youthful veins. Anger is undoubtedly the most furious and ungovernable of the passions which disgrace humanity, and nothing can so effectually extinguish every latent spark of virtue and benevolence in the bosom of mankind.

"Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit

"Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,

"Non Liber æquè; non acuta

"Sic geminant Corybantes æra

"Tristes ut iræ;"———

Yet how frequently do we find men, who have so long given way to the impulses of passion as to suffer themselves to be provoked on the most trivial occasions, and to be hurried away by the vortex of fury to a state of desperation and temporary insanity. The neighbouring county of Derby will furnish us with an eminent instance of this vice, indulged to the most fashionable excess. The doughty knight and ex-sheriff to whom I allude, from giving way to frequent vociferations of rage, and ferocious acts of violence, has rendered himself the terror of his family and domestics, and the detestation of every lover of good order and social harmony. It is in fact utterly impossible for the passionate man to enjoy the pleasures of friendship, for he can never be answerable that he shall

not, upon some slight provocation, commit the grossest outrage upon his dearest and most valuable friend or acquaintance.

Similar to this passion in the causes which tend to its production, though widely different in its effects, is that unsocial sullenness by which some men display the secret workings of a discontented mind. This quality is the more peculiar characteristic of disappointed pride. If the world be deficient in shewing that degree of respect to a man of self-importance, which his vanity leads him to consider as his due, he revenges himself on mankind by withdrawing himself as it were from society, and assuming the sullen dignity of offended superiority. But he is not at the same time aware that his sulkiness, instead of inspiring awe, only excites disgust and contempt, and that in spite of his own pride, he must by such conduct inevitably alienate himself from the grateful pleasures of society and friendship, and be suffered undisturbed and unregretted, to know his own heart, and brood over his ideal misery, amidst the shades of neglected solitude and merited contempt.

It is astonishing that any man can be so blind to his own interest, as to suffer those repulsive qualities to gain the ascendancy over his mind, when the slightest knowledge of the world would point out to him the means by which he might so easily attain the power of attracting the affections, and insuring the admiration of all mankind. The mind of a discontented man is in a constant state of irritation, and it is therefore utterly impossible that he can be able to possess that degree of complacency and equanimity, which is usually denominated good humour. The attainment of this quality is one of the most desirable objects that actuate the wishes of any man, since it is the

current coin of social intercourse, and an infallible preventive against the attacks of any of the vices or frailties, which form the present subject of reprehension. Good nature is, in fact, the habit of deriving gratification from every possible circumstance, and since every one is happy at finding that his presence communicates pleasure, so he who possesses sufficient firmness to prevent his passions from being agitated by every trifling incident, and appears to be more eager to view every circumstance in the most favourable light than to examine its defects with microscopic scrutiny, will always impress us with sentiments of affectionate regard and esteem. One of the most prolific sources of good humour is patience. The due exercise of this virtue, (and surely it must be considered as a virtue of considerable eminence,) cannot fail to protect the human mind from the more violent attacks of peevishness or irascibility, since it inspires our breasts with fortitude to resist the storms of fate and the chilling damps of neglect and misery. The Greek Tragedian Euripides appears to have fully appreciated the value of this qualification, in the following admonitory sentence:—

“Εὐερί: πάντων πρώτον εἶδεναι τῷτι φέρειν τὰ συμπεπλοῖα μὴ παλιγκταῖς.”

EURIP.

In all evils which are not totally irremediable, impatience incapacitates the mind from the adoption of those means which might restore it to the enviable state of happiness and equanimity, while in that species of hopeless misery which admits not the idea of remedy or palliation it is useless to assert the futility or impiety of repining at the Will of Heaven.

Patience, then, though it may not be able to eradicate infelicity from the human breast, may most assuredly

operate as a palliative, and enable men to endure the calamities or distresses inflicted by Divine Providence, without breaking out into the turbulence of passion, or languishing under the cowardly oppression of peevishness and moroseness.

Nottingham, July 15th, 1811.

THE VISION OF BUONAPARTE.*

The Night after Maria-Louisa's Accouchement.

IT was three o'clock in the morning, DUROC and SAVARY were commanded to attend the bed of their master, whom a fearful dream, succeeded by the vision which constantly haunts his mind, had thrown into the greatest agitation.—“Why!” exclaimed he, “am I doomed to expiate by these cruel penances the moments of happiness which I enjoy. Yesterday I was intoxicated with joy; but the moments of delight which I then experienced have been succeeded by the most horrid dreams, and the most dismal forebodings—That vision, that cruel vision which eternally haunts me whenever I am blessed by any happy event, or threatened with some dire misfortune!—I have seen it again this night, and it only quitted me when I summoned you.—To you alone will I now disclose the mysterious horrors which I have experienced. Formerly I confided this secret to Josephine, who always tranquilized my mind; but I dare not relate them to my present Empress, lest she should inform her father of my weakness, who would not fail to take advantage of the intelligence. It is to you, Duroc, who scarcely ever quit

* Vide *L'Ambigu*, No. 288.

my presence, and to whom the safety of my person is particularly intrusted—it is to you, Savary, whom I have placed at the head of my police, and who ought to watch over every thing which threatens either me or my empire, that I can unfold these weaknesses.

“ I need not remind you that death is ever the lot of him who dares betray any circumstance degrading to me. Fouché was indiscreet—but he never can offend again.—The Empress has given me a son—I saw this first link of the chain on which depends the future existence of my dynasty—I saw him placed in the cradle which was presented by the city of Paris—I heard the physicians pledge themselves for the safety of his life and that of my Empress—I saw every surrounding countenance illumined with smiles of joy which could not be feigned.—I laid me down, believing that I was now indeed an Emperor. What was I when no immediate heir of my own body existed?—A crowned conqueror, a fortunate soldier—the creator of an ephemeral empire!—These new objects, or rather the vast prospects which this event opened to my imagination, had occupied my mind during the early part of the night, when suddenly my thoughts took another direction. These delightful images were lost in a confusion of vague ideas, and methought I slept.—What a sudden transition!—Every thing which I beheld is still present to my imagination—I feel at this moment as if under the influence of this long, this terrible illusion of my mind; and I almost believe that some supernatural power, some superior agent, has seized on my senses and mind to impress them with a prescience of the most direful, and perhaps, alas, the most inevitable misfortunes. I suddenly felt as if I were divided into two distinct beings, who, notwithstanding their identity, experienced different feelings, yet one was affected by the events which happened to the other. I was stand-

ing on a height which elevated me far above my other self, who was subject to all the vicissitudes of human life. An intolerable light environed me, while my other self, who was the puppet of fate, floated in darkness. I intuitively preserved a clear recollection of all that transpired during this extraordinary vision, which, supposing it a dream, I contemplated too long.—I found myself suddenly on those well-known shores where Fortune gave me glory, and from whence she assisted me to escape, that I might return hither, and fulfil my destinies.—I hovered over the Deserts of Arabia—the Black Sea had disappeared, and I saw nothing but a sea of blood rolling round the Pyramids, of which only the summits were seen, and on one of these I was placed by an invisible hand.—As I was enjoying the prospect of this immense ocean of blood, which on every side washed the bounds of the horizon, I felt myself precipitated into its crimson waves, when a dreadful voice exclaimed,—‘Drink thou this blood, for which thou thirstest; refresh with it thine entrails, which are more parched than those of a ravening tiger.—Speak when thou art satiated!’

“ Methought I floated on the goary waves, of which I swilled large draughts; burning thirst consumed my entrails, and all my endeavours to assuage it but increased its fury. I felt, besides, my blood raging with a horrid furor, and my hatred of the human race increased even to a degree of madness. I saw myself alone in the world, and imagined that a second deluge had swallowed up every mortal but myself. This ocean dried as I quenched my thirst, and I soon found myself transported into an immense plain adorned with all the charms of nature. The warbling of the birds, the perfume of the flowers, the murmuring of the streams, the balmy zephyrs—all conspired to delight the sense and ravish the mind. This

picture of innocence and happiness pleased me not—I abhorred the flowery turfs, and turned myself away with a hasty step, longing for their destruction.—The same voice which had before uttered those terrible accents now exclaimed—‘You are invested with boundless power; if these scenes displease you, command them to disappear.’—I gave the signal; the lightning flashed on every side; this enchanting landscape vanished, and I now found myself in a desert, strewed with vestiges of all the plagues that could afflict the world—the rivers were tinged with blood, and dead bodies covered the barren ground.

“I was again taken up into the air, and discovered that this picture of desolation extended from the Volga to the Mouth of the Guadalquivir, and from the Baltic to the Dardanelles. With the swiftness of a bird I flew in all directions over this immense space; the thunder-bolts rolled beneath my feet, and echoed in a thousand claps over affrighted mortals. Their lamentable voices reached, and gratified mine ear; I even experienced delight from the odour that exhaled from the putrid carcases, which, lying on the ground, produced a picturesque effect from the variety of their dress. Methought I saw all the nations of the world extinguished; this aspect inspired me with those solemn sensations which those only who change the face of the earth can feel and appreciate. Soon after a vast silence seemed to envelope the universe; the thunder had ceased to growl, the atmosphere became intensely hot, and the air withheld itself from my oppressed lungs, or rather it seemed to convey the torments of fire. I soon found myself at the gates of my palace; my guard filled the courts, they were silent and immovable; a man, whom I knew to be Cornegliano, passed in front of the ranks, and seemed to harangue

them as he pointed to the windows of the saloon which contained the throne. At this moment Lecourbe came out of the palace, accompanied by an immense throng of generals and officers whom I had disgraced: he held in his hand a poniard—"The tyrant is dead!" cried he, "we are avenged;" and as some of the officers of my guard rushed upon him, he exclaimed in a tremendous voice—"For your heads advance not, soldiers! keep your ranks!" I would have said, "Stop the impostor, soldiers! I am not dead;" but my voice was lost in inarticulate sounds—Nobody knew me, and nobody wished to know me. I saw one of my *aides-de-camp* advancing towards me:—"Comrade," I thought, I said, "is Napoleon forgotten by the heroes he has so often led to victory? Shall I lose by an impostor the fruits of my labours, of my services, and my genius?"—I was not heard; and I saw him hide himself behind one of the columns of the *Peristyle*, and take from his bosom my picture, enriched with diamonds, which he broke into a thousand pieces, and then hastily joined the groupe, at the head of which I had seen Lecourbe. At this moment Macdonald, Liebert, and Salm, arrived in the middle of the Carouzel, and were saluted by the acclamations of nearly all the military present. Macdonald was habited in a white uniform, with a golden *fleur de lis* in his hat, instead of the eagle of the legion of honour. I snatched myself from this portentous spectacle, and passed through an immense throng, in which I saw none habited in the costume of my guards and attendants. I pursued my way to the saloon where stood the throne. It was covered with black velvet, and on the step which conducted to it, I beheld three dead bodies; one was blasted with lightning—it was yours Savary; another pierced through with a poniard—it was yours, Duroc; and a third, which had the head separated from the

body, I knew to be Rustan's. I advanced to lift up the pall that covered the throne, which with difficulty I achieved, when I found myself enveloped in its folds, and forcibly held in the arms of a skeleton, which drew me to him, and pulling me on his putrified bones, with a most sepulchral voice, which I cannot imitate with effect, thus said: "Come, sleep near me, in my arms is rest, and in my breath forgetfulness." At this moment two cold poisonous lips kissed mine, and I fainted. Recovering from this state of insensibility, I found myself in one of the towers of the Castle of Vincennes.

"I was habited in the dress of a galley slave, an iron chain was attached to my belt, at the extremity of which, instead of the ball usually drawn by the galley slaves, was fixed a bloody head; it was that of d'Hullin, the Commandant of Paris. On a table appeared a crucifix, on either side of which stood a vase; I advanced to see what they contained, and in one found a human heart, in the other blood. As I drew back with horror, a man of a most hideous figure appeared, and, addressing me with a frightful smile, exclaimed, "What! does Buonaparte want heart! Monster, drink this blood; it is that of one of your favourites; devour this heart, it is that of the woman you most loved—if ever you was susceptible of love:" he then raised the vase to my mouth; but another voice exclaimed, "Stop! his punishment is sufficient, since he has felt the horror inspired by the sight of human blood!" At this moment the arched roof became illuminated with a thousand flambeaux, and I saw four coffins brought into the tower and placed in four mausoleums, they contained the remains of the Duke *D'Enghien*, *Pichegru*, *Georges*, and *Wright*. A venerable priest, whose figure was unknown to me, advanced and thus addressed me, "Napoleon Buonaparte, behold four of your victims: they were assas-

sinated by your orders! You have violated all laws, human and divine! Pray to disarm celestial vengeance, that of man assails you, and will make of you a salutary and terrible example." "I am an Emperor," I exclaimed, "and shall only account to God for my conduct! What mortal dares to judge and punish me?" "Napoleon Buonaparte," he replied with much mildness, "you are now *nothing*! The pomps and vanities of this world have abandoned you, you are but a sinner, an unparalleled sinner: forget your usurped dignities, to obtain which you have committed such atrocious crimes, as will render you the execration and horror of future generations—you have yet some moments for repentance; Ah reflect that a single instant of true remorse and repentance can yet save you, and make you more pure than those who are now your judges!"—Shall I confess it? I felt my heart fail; his touching voice, his soft exhortation melted me, and for the first time the tears of sensibility and repentance fell from mine eyes—those eyes which were never before filled but with the tears of burning rage. "My son," said the priest, whilst he folded me in his trembling arms, "oh what an example will you afford mankind, if you will allow yourself to be moved by religion and repentance! Shut not your heart to their inspirations, abandon not yourself to despair; your crimes are great, but notwithstanding, if you are truly penitent you may, at some distant period, join the celestial choir. My son receive with resignation, humility, and confidence the succours of religion which console, and the favor of God who pardons." I yielded spite of the rebellion which the brilliant illusions of the past kindled in my heart; and applying my trembling lips to those parts of the crucifix which represented the five wounds of Jesus Christ began my confession—The priest heard me with complacency; frequently interrupting me with his

sobs; when I had concluded, he made me repeat a prayer of contrition, which gave to my repentance the appearance of something more than human, and having, by a general absolution, reconciled me to the church, to mankind, and myself, he said "My son, I am going to leave you even till the moment when you shall be ready to enter into eternity: support with resignation the trials for which you are reserved! ah, may you be purified by them and confirmed in the disposition you have just manifested." At these words he quitted me, two men habited in long black cloaks now approached and seized me, and after shaving my head, and taking off my shoes and stockings, commanded me to follow them. I saw an immense train of attendants who surrounded the coffins I have already mentioned, and chanted a funeral dirge, in which I could distinguish the most dreadful lamentations. They began to march, I followed with naked feet the coffin on which was inscribed the name of the Duke D' Enghein. At intervals my guides stopped and forced me to repeat in a loud voice, the following words, which they had printed for me in large characters, "I entreat pardon of the French for having dipt my hands in the blood of their legitimate sovereigns, and humbly hope that mine will satisfy their just vengeance." The chiming of various bells now struck my ear, among which I distinguished the Bourdon of Notre Dame, that sounded for me on a very different occasion to the present; I repeated with compunction the Litany of the dead. At length the procession arrived before the gate of Notre Dame, where the clergy were assembled on the steps! After the coffins had entered the church, a bishop, placing himself between the great entrance and myself, exclaimed in an exalted voice, "Is this sinner whom I behold worthy to enter the temple of God?"—At this moment a priest whom I knew to be the same who had con-

fessed me, slowly advanced, and kneeling said, "God has deigned to visit the heart of this sinner, grant him entrance into the church."

I now beheld coming out of the church, by a side door, a train of men habited in uniforms of red and blue, in the midst of whom was carried a coffin with the name of "*Captain Wright*," inscribed upon it. "Kneel," said one of my guides, "and pronounce the words I shall dictate:" "Pardon I humbly entreat of the English nation for having inhumanly tortured and assassinated the brave Captain Wright, who chose rather to die amidst the most cruel torments, than do any thing unworthy of his character, his profession, and the people of whom he was one of the most courageous, and most able defenders!" At first I pronounced these words in a feeble and inarticulate manner; but they made me repeat them till my voice became firm, and until they were heard by all the English present; who regarded me calmly, without betraying any sign of pity or hatred, and then followed the coffin which contained the remains of their lamented countryman. I entered the church; the burial-service had begun, the walls were hung with black, on which was written in a thousand places the following words, "The faithful are invited to pray for the victims of a long and bloody revolution, which it has pleased God to terminate by an act of his clemency and justice." Public prayers having closed, a priest mounted the pulpit, and exclaimed in a loud and solemn voice, "Brethren, the vengeance of Heaven is disarmed, let us hail the morning of a new era, in which religion and the laws will once more flourish; let us pardon our enemies, and not prevent the guilty being, who is now before us, from partaking of the divine clemency, let us not plant despair in his heart, by imprecations which are offensive to Christian charity, let him live in peace with God and

man!" Ah how insignificant I felt when opposed to so much magnanimity! I was not ashamed of my feelings which vented themselves in sighs, and in a torrent of tears. My sobs were heard in all parts of the church. They took off the chain, which bound my waist, and its horrible appendage. They now covered my head with a pall and after obliging me to walk for several minutes while they read aloud the prayers of the dying, uncovered it again, and I found myself in an arched room fronting an amphitheatre, in which was seated twenty men of venerable appearance habited in the costume of the ancient magistrates of France: "Kneel," said the president to me, "and listen to your sentence. Napoleon Buonaparte, your crimes have been committed on the face of the terrified earth in contempt of all laws human and divine, which you have trodden under foot with an audacity and perversity of which it is hardly possible to believe the heart of man capable: the notoriety of your crimes renders all preamble useless, and the ordinary formalities would be but vain derision. Delegated to restore justice to its proper channel, from which you have so long diverted it, we have only to announce to you that its first act is directed against yourself, and that this tribunal condemns you to be hung, till you are dead, on a gallows sixty feet high, facing the triumphal arch erected by your orders at the *place of Carrouzal*." They now stripped me of my disgraceful garb, and arrayed me in the magnificent attire of which I felt so proud on the day of my coronation, and placed me in the very carriage which I had occupied on that proud occasion; the habiliments, the carriage, brilliant with gold and precious stones, banished in an instant all the remorse, all those christian feelings which had insinuated themselves into my heart—I was seized with a rage almost supernatural, and loaded with the most dreadful imprecations

the throng, who pressed forward to witness my punishment. They put a gag into my mouth, with which I was nearly suffocated ere I arrived at the place of execution.

“Between the gallows and the triumphal arch was erected a square monument of unpolished stone, three feet high and six long, bearing the following inscription:—
‘Here lies Napoleon the Ferocious, usurper of the throne of France, the oppressor of Europe, and the enemy of humanity, who has left but the remembrance of his enormous crimes, unaccompanied by a single act of virtue during the long period in which he shone with a glory fatal to mankind.—

O you who stop to contemplate where reposes the being whose formidable activity has so much perplexed the world, contemplate as nothing all earthly things; but think, deeply think, on celestial vengeance, which ever punishes the wicked and rebellious.”

“The priest who had before confessed me now approached, as my eyes were fixed on this dreadful inscription; I pushed him from me with horror, and covered my ears with my hands that I might no more listen to his seducing accents, resolved to die more by the excess of my rage than by the effects of my punishment. My eyes, which had been fixed on the inscription, I now cast around me, and saw with surprize that I was encompassed with my own guard, who discovered no signs of pity or discontent; and, with arms reversed, even seemed to deliver me up to vengeance. Macdonald, adorned with a superb uniform, but not that of my Marshal’s, advanced on a white horse, and gave the signal to the executioner, who instantly drew me up with a pulley attached to the top of the gallows; at this moment my persecution closed, for I was awakened by the ringing of the bell which sounds when any important dispatch is placed in the box at the head of my couch. After having examined for

some minutes my bed and my apartment, and being assured that I still possessed all the attributes of sovereignty, and particularly the key of my treasure, I examined my casket of secret dispatches. Here, gentlemen, my confidence is at an end; I shall not communicate even to you the contents of these dispatches; suffice it to say they form a contrast to the dream—the vision—the *je ne sais quoi*, by which I have been so dreadfully agitated!"



CORPORATE LOYALTY.

MR. SATIRIST,

I am this moment returned from a ramble through the town of Nottingham, and hasten from the senseless jarring of stocking-frames, to communicate to you the result of my observations. After admiring the spacious market-place, and the noble situation of the Castle, and searching, almost in vain, for handsome streets, and well-built houses, I was sauntering along towards the inn, when the wall of a corner house, hung with innumerable placards arrested my attention. I proceeded with drowsy listlessness to peruse the sheets of theatrical intelligence, and the puffs of infallible empirics, until at length the insignia of the town of Nottingham announced one of the bulls of magistracy: I immediately relinquished the perusal of the merits of Japan blacking, and speedy remedies for certain diseases, in order to examine the contents of this authoritative proclamation; when, judge of my surprize and indignation, on finding that it was issued previous to the last celebration of our beloved Sovereign's birth-day, and contained an injunction to the inhabitants of this *loyal* town, not to suffer their servants, children, or

apprentices, to quit their houses after sun-set, on that memorable season of rejoicing. It was also intimated that the police of the town (which had been considerably augmented for the express purpose) had been directed to preserve the peace, by preventing the votaries of loyalty from testifying their veneration of their illustrious Sovereign by the display of bonfires or fire-works, or any of those rapturous exultations, which swell the breast and kindle the ardour and enthusiasm of British loyalty.—“Gracious Heaven!” I involuntarily exclaimed, “surely this must be a forgery, an impudent libel on the government of the town.” Again I perused the peremptory commands of at least *apparent* disaffection;—again I gazed upon the subscription—“*John Bates, Mayor*”!!!—With contempt and indignation I hastened to the inn, and made some enquiries respecting the opinions and politics of the august corporation. Having, not without much difficulty, obtained an audience of the loquacious waiter, by replenishing the wine glass, which he always carries in his pocket, he assured me that my incredulity as to the authenticity of the handbill was unfounded, and added, in hollow and tremulous remains of volubility, that the corporation were all a set of d—d j—s. Not fully satisfied with the representations of this exhausted votary of debauchery, I made some more particular enquiries of my friends in the town, respecting the principles of their Governors, who all confirmed the representations of the communicative waiter.

Facts like these, Mr. Satirist, scarcely require any comment.—When we see men who are, as it were, the vicerents of an amiable and revered Monarch, instilling into the minds of his subjects an habitual disregard and disrespect for his name and his memory, and exerting their authority in extinguishing the ardour of enthusiastic Bri-

tons, by forbidding the recurrence of those customs which were wont to add vigour to the loyalty of our ancestors, it is the duty of every man to expose their conduct to the opprobrium and contempt of such of our fellow-subjects as have not yet learned to swerve from the paths of loyalty, and embrace the fleeting phantom of democratic equality and pseudo-patriotism.

By inserting the above statement in your truly loyal and independent publication, you will, I hope, promote the cause of true patriotism, and gratify the insulted feelings of

A LOVER OF OLD CUSTOMS.

Nottingham, July 23d, 1811.



LETTER FROM A DETECTED ADULTERESS.

THE following letter, which appeared to have been recently dropt out of an envelope, as it had no direction, was picked up in Piccadilly on the 14th of July. It appears to have been written under very extraordinary circumstances, and as its contents may probably warn others against those misfortunes which have befallen its author, and as there is no clue by which the parties concerned can possibly be discovered, we think ourselves justified in presenting it to our readers.—We must, however, caution them against any unfair application of the circumstances to which it alludes, for it is not improbable but the whole may be a fiction.

“Whither, my dear Eliza, ah whither shall I fly to hide my unhappy head?—Alas! I fear lest even you should shun me; for will not thy gentle heart shrink back

with horror from guilt like mine!—Ah no! my Eliza will still remember those vows of eternal friendship which we exchanged in the days of our mutual happiness.—Oh! that I could add, of our mutual *innocence*.—Pardon, pardon my failings and commiserate my sufferings.

“ Before I was betrayed to shame, and sacrificed at the shrine of Avarice by a sordid traitor, the worm of conscience had penetrated my guilty bosom, and preyed in secret on my heart—Dissipation had its pauses, its dreadful pauses of reflection.—Gracious Heaven! what have been my feelings, what have been my pangs, when he whom I swore, at the sacred altar, exclusively to love, and whose kindness merited all my attention, has clasped with paternal fondness *my* children to his breast. While he contemplated with rapture their cherub smiles, I trembled lest he should discover in their innocent countenances a living record of their mother's guilt. When he doatingly called them the dear proofs of his Jane's affection, I shuddered to think that some were, alas! the pledges of her infamy; and when he addressed me by the tender name of *wife*, I remembered with agony that I was also the *mistress of other MEN!!!*—Yes, I confess to you, my Eliza, that he, whose avarice has occasioned the publication of my shame, is not the only man with whom I have dishonoured my husband's bed; but it was he who first instilled into my unsuspecting heart the poisonous principles which have destroyed for ever my peace of mind;—it was he who told me that the laws and customs of mankind were repugnant, and ought to be subservient to those of Nature—that our bodies and our minds, our actions and our passions, were designed to be free as those of the untutored Indians who know not the restraints of civilization—and that freedom and happiness were one and indivisible.—I doubted, listened, believed, and yielded!—Honor, virtue, and religion, all were

resigned to pursue the *ignis fatuus* of bliss which he had conjured up to dazzle and delude my youthful imagination. Alas! I found, too soon, that my grasp at pleasure only caught despair—I would have turned, but could not.—That tranquillity of mind, that happiness which I had forsaken was not to be regained.—I sought to drown reflection in the vortex of dissipation—Alas, the relief was momentary!—The vows of my, now perjured, betrayer, the assiduous attentions of Lord ———, the sprightly conversation of S——r, and the friendship of my dear Eliza, could not wholly allay the disquietude of my soul.

“ Whene’er the eye of Virtue met my own, methought it read the secret of my guilt;—whene’er it was averted from me, methought I was avoided for my crimes.

“ When the first offspring of my guilt was born, my corporeal sufferings were far, very far, inferior to the anguish of my mind. My betrayer seemed really to pity me—he swore to protect me under every circumstance—promised to provide splendidly for my unhappy infant, and executed a bond to secure her an independent fortune. Just Heaven! how has he kept his solemn oath! How has he fulfilled his promises! How has he performed his engagements!—Eliza, I can no more!—My mind is convulsed with a horrid delirium—Adieu! adieu!—be warned by the example of your unhappy friend—You still are innocent—Short, short, are the joys of the adulteress; her pangs of remorse cannot in this world be alleviated; but God is merciful, and, in the next, there may still be happiness for your afflicted

JANE.

THOUGHTS ON PAPER AND METAL CURRENCY.

————Sic quisque pavendo
 Dat vires famæ, nulloque auctore malorum
 Quæ finxere timent ———— LUCAN.

Imp'd by their fears, lo, Rumour shakes her wings,
 And o'er the realm dire consternation flings;
 Panic-struck *Prophets* tremble for her fate,
 Scar'd at chimera's they themselves create.

If we recur to the early habits of society, such as at this moment exist in the interior of America, it will not be difficult to conceive how mankind accommodated each other, and how the necessary exchanges of different commodities were effected.

Each person grew his own corn, ground his own meal, and manufactured the necessary cloathing for his person. If he fell short of any of these necessities of life, he inquired among his neighbours for one who had a superfluity of the article he wanted, and was supplied by the exchange of another commodity of which his neighbour stood equally in need. But as society and the means of living increased, and the comforts and even luxuries of life began to be sought after, the exchange of one commodity for another became too frequently necessary not to be sensibly felt as an inconvenience, and a circulating medium, or representative of actual commodities, was necessarily created; and it is highly probable that it was, at first, of a promissory or conventional nature, issuing from individuals, and pledged for the delivery, within a

given period, of a certain commodity; its credit resting on the known property of the persons who issued it. The materials might have been of a simple substance, such as wood or leather, and the contract expressed by well known marks or symbols. As society extended itself so as to form larger communities, the circulating medium took a more extensive range, and instead of issuing from obscure individuals, it became necessary that it should emanate from some ostensible person, such as the governors of towns or cities, and those towns or cities, as aggregate bodies, became security for what he issued. As society became more corrupt, (the natural consequence of luxury,) the circulating medium began to be forged, and this could easily be effected from the facility with which the materials might be procured. Hence it became necessary that it should be formed of some material which was not to be procured without difficulty; thus the African adopted the cowerie of India, whilst the more polished nations had recourse to the gold of Africa. Both the cowerie, gold, and silver, in all probability, derived their value from the same source; that is, from their being the objects of embellishment and ornament of the person; as such they obtained an intrinsic value, and being divided or dividable into smaller portions, and giving the holder a certain security, a *tangible* property, they soon superseded the use of promissory or conventional money. When society became more civilized, and arts and commerce succeeded the darker ages, it became necessary to add to the quantity of the circulating medium; and the invention of letters and paper suggested to the ingenuity of man the revival of conventional money, in a more expressive form, and on a substance the most convenient for transmission that could possibly be conceived.

The wealth of a nation consists in the fertility of its

soil, and the number and industry of its labouring inhabitants, by whom that soil is made to produce the greatest possible quantity of the necessaries and comforts of life. The circulating medium is the representative of that wealth, but not the wealth itself; hence a nation may possess great wealth without a circulating medium, but to enjoy it to its full extent it must create one: but it appears to be of immaterial consequence whether it be of metal or of paper, provided there be not a greater quantity issued than is necessary for the purposes of exchange, and that there be a confidence in the source from whence it issues; and that confidence will, I presume, be limited in proportion as it issues from an individual of reputed wealth, or an aggregate body of like description, and in proportion as that aggregate body is large, the confidence will be greater; in as much as its security approaches nearer to the nature of a national security, or that of the whole body of the people: as the medium and securities, whether of metal or paper, issued by government, for which not only every inch of land, but all property of whatever description in the kingdom, is doubtless answerable.

The deprivation, or even partial deprivation, of a circulating medium, would undoubtedly embarrass for a time, and the inconvenience would be more felt by those who have been accustomed to enjoy the luxuries of life, than by those who look merely to the necessaries: the labourer would easily receive the latter, for his hire, in kind.

Supposing gold and silver to be annihilated throughout the world, would it be an irremediable loss; we conceive not. It would be only temporary, as being, at present, the representative of wealth throughout the world; some other medium would be sought for, and the ingenuity of man would supply it; and, indeed, has already done so; for has not this country risen to a pitch of greatness and prosperity

unexampled in history with a circulating medium, for the last fourteen years of little more than paper?

It may be said that a paper currency, in as much as it rests on confidence only, is insecure; but this is a slight objection in a commercial country. Commerce rests on the confidence between man and man, and there is no commercial house in England, or, indeed, in the world, which does not give credit for sums, compared with which the mere circulating medium passing through their hands is as nothing. But, if a circulating medium be expected to give the holder absolute security, he must not seek it in gold or silver, which are daily fluctuating in their value, and the discovery of another Peru, or another Potosi, may sink it to half, or even less than half, its present value.

In order clearly to understand the doctrine of a circulating medium, it is necessary, in the first instance, to have a distinct conception of the coin as stamped by government, and its value as bullion. The latter is ever fluctuating; the former fixed and permanent. Coin is not Bullion, nor can it be converted into bullion without the crime of felony. He who takes a guinea at a rate above 21s. must intend to deface it himself, or to sell it to another for that purpose. Many persons of good reputation have been induced to sell their guineas for 24s. each, and, as there seems to be no positive law against it, conceive that they have been guilty of no illegal transaction in so doing. But those persons would perhaps be not a little startled and shocked, if they have the feelings of common honesty, were they told that they have been *accessory to a felony!* In extenuation they cannot well plead ignorance, for I believe there are few who are not aware that *the melting or otherwise defacing the current coin of the realm*, is a felony; nor can they be ignorant, that the stamped value of a guinea is twenty one shillings, *and no more.* He

therefore who sells his guinea to another for 24s. must be conscious that the other buys it only for the purpose of melting it and reducing it to bullion, or of sending it abroad for that purpose, which is the same thing, and that he is knowingly and designedly accessory to a felony.

The current coin of the realm is the property of the crown, by whom it is granted to the subject for an undefined term; the subject is the tenant, and may neither commit a waste on, nor alter the form of what he holds. Money is the *instrument* of commerce, but never can be the *object* of it.

The present drainage of gold to the continent arises probably from that mistrust, the natural consequence of its existing circumstances. Paper money cannot circulate in countries where neither confidence nor commerce exists, and where gold and silver only can answer the purposes of exchange; the demand therefore is great in proportion, and is still greater perhaps from the quantity which is hoarded and hid to provide for future exigencies, and which is the natural consequence of that state of doubt and fear in which the continent is involved.

But the insulated situation of this country, and the proud and commanding attitude in which she stands, renders her people so secure, that confidence in each other exists to an extent unparralleled in any age or country, and therefore we have not the same inducements to prefer a substantial to a conventional currency. And, indeed, one entirely of the former description would not answer the purposes of a commercial nation: immediate payments in its most distant parts could not be effected, and I query were half the horses in the kingdom employed for the sole purpose of the transmission of money from place to place, if they would be sufficient for the transaction of the business which is now carried on through the common post: and they certainly could not do it in the same time.

It has, I believe, been the policy of all nations to confine, as much as possible, its current coin within its own* boundaries, for it is intended for its own internal convenience only; and hence the practice of rendering its real value less than its nominal, or that at which it is intended to pass in its respective country; and if that difference be considerable, should it even occasionally get abroad, it would soon return to that place where it can be exchanged for the greatest quantity of goods; were our guineas re-coined and reduced in absolute value, so as to meet existing circumstances, their flight to the continent would be restrained. It will perhaps be objected that this would open a door to the manufacturers of Birmingham; this I am ready to admit, but that would be a less evil than the present drainage; and the danger arising from a base coinage is not perhaps so great as it at first appears to be†. If

* At Gibraltar and some of our West India Islands it has been a practice to punch out a small triangular piece from each Dollar, under the inspection of the government; notwithstanding which diminution of the coin, it still passed, by general consent, for its full value, and this operation was not inaptly termed *clipping its wings*, by which means it was effectually prevented from moving beyond its proper sphere of circulation. This may, and no doubt does, give occasion for private and interested individuals to deprive their dollars of a portion of their intrinsic value; but if the Government of the island takes care in the first instance to issue a quantity so mutilated, for the purposes of the district, this practice cannot be carried to any very considerable extent, and if it were so, would be perhaps no very great evil, as the portion so taken out, would only go into the pocket of the individual, instead of that of the government, and the piece would still answer the same end in circulation.

† There is a curious and easy method of discovering whether a plain shilling had ever an impression on it: heat a poker nearly red hot, and arrange the suspected coin on it; as they get hot all those which have passed the mint will begin to shew the impression; the head, letters,

the public would but be a little more attentive to what it takes, the circulation of base coin might be so far checked as to render it very circumscribed. The sound of the piece, if it be not bent, (and all such should be refused) easily ascertains the quality of the metal, and the execution of the base coin is generally too clumsy to pass a nice scrutiny: and here I would observe that our coin in general have been of too plain a description, the execution of it should be as highly wrought and as ornamental as possible, so as to throw every possible difficulty in the way of the coiner, instead of which the guineas issued some years since, commonly known by the name of *shade* guineas, from the form of the shield on the reverse, afforded every facility that the coiner could desire. I would therefore beg leave to suggest that all our coins should have the full arms of England on the reverse, with all the attendant insignia. The additional expense of cutting the die is not worth mentioning, whilst it would render a forgery much more difficult, and more likely to meet detection.

The senseless murmurs against Bank tokens can arise only from a discontented spirit, or one of a still worse description; for the system seems not only to be unexceptionable, but naturally to arise out of the present situation of the country, and is perhaps the best possible remedy that can be applied to existing evils, and a most effectual one, I doubt not, it will prove. Under the burthens of an ex-

&c., and all the parts which originally raised will begin to assume a dark colour, whilst the ground will retain nearly its original whiteness, the cause of which I conceive to be this.—The metal oxidates in proportion as it is heated, but the parts which are most compressed, are the least liable to this effect, while a more sudden oxidation takes place on the parts which were originally raised and occasions the colour. Throw the pieces into strong alum water, or into diluted sulphuric acid, and they will be restored to the colour of silver.

pensive but necessary war, in which we are struggling for existence as a people, it would not only perhaps be impolitic, but impracticable, for Government to meddle with the silver coinage, bad as is its present light; a new issue of silver coin to any considerable amount could not take place without the probable effect of throwing the present silver currency out of circulation, so that the remedy would be worse than the disease, and nothing short of calling in the whole, and issuing an entire new silver coinage, would answer the end; this would be an undertaking of no small magnitude; and perhaps should only be attempted in a time of profound peace. But the issues from the Bank, though countenanced by Government, is not its immediate act, and are totally independent of the current and legal money of the kingdom, and therefore can produce no effect as to its credit or discredit. The taking Bank tokens is perfectly optional, and those who will not give it credit for two shillings in the pound will do well to refuse them.

The nature of the Bank token is two-fold; it partakes of the intrinsic value of silver and of a promissory or conventional value; the dollar is said to be worth five shillings in silver, and the remaining sixpence is promissory or conventional value. The three-shilling piece of two shillings and eight-pence * real value, and four-pence conventional value; and it is obvious that the latter sum, only, rests on the credit of the Bank, for the former the holder has absolute security as far as silver can be so. But why, say some of these discontented persons, is it not issued at its full weight?—There are many reasons why it should not; and though it is not so, yet I doubt not but there are many

* Mr. Manning said, in the House of Commons, it was worth two shillings and nine-pence halfpenny.

persons who would not think me unreasonable were I to assert that it is, independent of its conventional value, of the full value of three shillings to the public. To the bullion merchant it certainly is not so; but is it issued as bullion or as coin? As bullion, a rude lump of silver is as valuable as coin, but to those who want coin, the latter is of more value than its weight in silver. The rude lump of silver will not purchase provisions of my baker or my butcher, because both are ignorant of its quality, and consequently of its value, and would have, for the same reason, a difficulty in exchanging it with the miller or the grazier; but when wrought into a coin, its value is stamped upon the face of it, and it assumes a convenient form for the pocket; are these conveniences then worth nothing? or did they cost nothing? Is the ploughshare of no more value to the husbandman than a rude plate of iron of the same weight? The smith might, indeed, be discontented at receiving a ploughshare instead of a bar of iron, as being less convenient for his purpose, but the husbandman would gladly pay somewhat more for the share than the mere weight of iron it contains is worth. To those who have a confidence in the stability of the Bank, and I firmly believe there are none who really doubt it, the weight of those pieces is the greatest objection to them; for were they but half their present weight, and the remainder made up in conventional value, they would be more portable, and consequently more convenient. The most obvious reason for making them considerably under their nominal value is, that they may be restrained from leaving the kingdom. There is another reason why those pieces ought in justice to be issued under their real value, but which the Bank, in its liberality, did not probably take into consideration, that is, the wear and tear of the coin, which in a dozen years will lose considerably in its weight; and

yet, provided it be lessened only by wear and tear, and not by clipping, the Bank will be liable to take it at its nominal value; taking therefore this circumstance into consideration, together with the expence of coinage, I think I may safely venture to say that they are to the public very near, if not quite, their full nominal value, and that independent of their conventional value.

There is another advantage to the holders of Bank tokens, which may be called a *contingent* one, but which is nevertheless to be valued at some rate, that is, if silver should experience such a rise, and it is by no means improbable that the dollar should be worth more than five shillings and sixpence, the advantage would be to the holder; as not being the national coin, he may legally sell it as bullion; whilst, on the other hand, should silver fall in price, the loss would, by the contract on the face of it, fall on the Bank.

The system, in short, offers so many advantages to the public, that it is sincerely to be hoped it may be gradually extended till we are supplied with a circulating medium fully adequate to all the purposes of a great commercial people—I say *gradually*, because sudden transitions in the systems of great nations are at all times to be avoided. As these issues are made, the quantity of Bank paper will naturally diminish, if that be a desirable end to attain, which many are inclined to doubt. But if the Bank has already issued paper to an amount beyond its means of security (which I neither admit nor believe), by the gradual issue of its tokens, it will so far redeem its pledges as to be answerable only for such a sum (for we cannot do entirely without Bank paper) beyond the proportional difference between the real and nominal value of their tokens, as will quiet the minds of the most sceptical as to its solvency, and silence those designing demagogues who en-

deavour to destroy the Bank because it is one of the pillars of their country.

It has been adduced in the House of Commons as evidence of the depreciation of Bank notes, *that one hundred and four pounds have been given for an hundred pounds in silver.* This is evidence only of the scarcity of small coin for change, but not of the depreciation of paper currency; for within the last thirty years of my life I have known many instances of a guinea having been given for twenty shillings and sixpence in silver, and even for twenty shillings; yet no one dreamt therefore that the guinea was fallen in value; the person was considered only as having given a premium for the conveniency of being possessed of small change; this has constantly been the practice, in the country, previous to the hay harvest, and on the eve of great markets and fairs, many years before small Bank notes were known. The scarcity of small change in the metropolis might well induce the shopkeeper to give a premium for small silver; and surely no one but a person hard driven for an argument would adduce it as evidence of depreciation, either of Bank notes or guineas. The scarcity of small silver is not to be wondered at, since in London the number of shops has more than doubled within the last thirty years, and there has been no considerable issue of silver during that period. This scarcity is not only a great impediment to trade, but it encourages the base coiner: let the market be supplied with good money, and he loses the chief spur to his industry. Twenty sixpences, such as are now in circulation, may be made out of a dollar; and having no impression, the execution of them requires no ingenuity. As to the question, if Bank paper has depreciated, it can hardly require a serious observation whilst we find it will throughout the kingdom purchase twenty shillings

worth of goods. If it be said that a twenty shilling note and one shilling are not of the value of a guinea, I both acknowledge and deny the fact. They are equal in value to the coin, but not to the *five penny weights eight grains of gold* which the coin contains; the increased value of the guinea is therefore altogether visionary to those who respect the laws of their country; to those therefore, to traders in guineas, to coiners, and smugglers, only, who set all laws at defiance, it is worth more than twenty-one shillings; but to honest men, who respect and obey the laws, it can never exceed that value, or be in itself an object of traffic.

The fair, open, and honest profit of trade is an honorable spur to enterprize; and it is only when the party descends to meanness, tricking, and illegal transactions, that trade becomes degrading. In coupling the trader in guineas, whether buyer or seller, with the smuggler, I have, perhaps, been guilty of injustice to the latter, whose crime only amounts to a misdemeanor, whilst the former should occupy the same cell with the clipper or coiner.

It is said that Lord King, who has unfortunately brought the question of Bank paper into agitation, and who is, by many, spoken of as an amiable man, and of considerable abilities, wrote, four or five years since, a pamphlet, in which he foretold the depreciation of Bank notes. If so, how infinitely mortifying is it to human nature to contemplate a man so elevated in rank, with a mind so highly gifted, yet so far led away by the vanity of authorship, as to endeavour the fulfilment of his gloomy forebodings at the risk of the dearest interests of his country. He rashly advanced that one of the main beams of his house had given way; and that his judgment may not be questioned, he madly inoculates it with the dry rot, at the hazard of being buried in its ruins.

And again, how mortifying is it to see so many men, as elevated in rank as in reputation for abilities, supporting the mad assertion, not from conviction of its truth, but from the spirit of party; that accursed spirit (which is the bane of this otherwise happy country) whose votaries view every thing through a medium, the complex angles and refraction of which discolour and distort every object. On such the noble conduct of Mr. Perceval ought to have an effect which is rather to be hoped for than expected; he, despising the narrowness of party, manfully adopts the measure of an opponent as soon as he is convinced of its propriety. The country is not often treated with so pleasing a spectacle as the union of opposing interests in her service. May this example render it more frequent; whilst the Noble Mover, and the supporters of the Bill now depending in Parliament, in the praises of their country receive that reward which they so justly merit, and which is so truly gratifying to great and noble minds.



EPIGRAMS, ANECDOTES, &c.



EPIGRAM on the Piccadilly Patriot.



OF purity, of virtue, truth,
Boasted the Piccadilly youth,
Swore *Bank notes* were depreciated,
And ought not to be circulated;
But still he could not live *Scot free*,
Though lov'd by fools and prais'd was he.

And, to preserve a little pelf,
Betray'd his mistress—and *himself*:
Thus has he made his friends admit
His virtues were but counterfeit,
And even those who gave him votes
Himself has forced to *change their notes*!

A certain patriot not long ago purchased a large estate in Hampshire, on which stood a beautiful mansion and a quantity of fine ornamental timber; but as *money* was his object, and as he was possessed of no more taste than a *feather-monger's son* usually inherits, these were immediately pulled and cut down, to be converted into ready cash; and although he kept a *Gardener*, the beautiful grounds were overrun with weeds. The neighbouring gentlemen, for this and *other reasons*, scouted the new and unwelcome intruder; and although he cringed and bowed, with the view of scraping acquaintance, few persons condescended to honor him with a call, and even such as did soon deemed it necessary to decline further intimacy. The Patriot was extremely nettled at this marked neglect; and having one day pulled off his hat to several of his neighbours, all of whom, to use a *fashionable* phrase, *cut him*, he asked a lady, with much indignation, what could be the reason that nobody deigned to return his salutes? who, alluding to the destruction of his timber, wittily observed, "that where there were no trees it was ridiculous to expect *bows* (boughs)."

The poor neglected wretch has since re-sold the estate, piece-meal, and retired to another part of the country; but, alas! notwithstanding the attractions of his amiable daughters, the man is still shunned and detested by his neighbours.

PATRIOTIC GENEROSITY.

THAT *Frank* each selfish action scorns,
 I'll swear on holy book—
 He gave his friend a *pair of HORNS*,
 Himself but *one HORN* TOOK.

QUIZ.

ADVERTISEMENT *Extraordinary*.

LATELY was published an additional volume of "THE HARLEIAN MISCELLANY," carefully edited by Sir F. B. BARONET, and imprinted nearly eleven years ago at the OXFORD PRESS. This beautiful work was arranged by the Editor during a trip to France in 1801, and the *proof* sheets were delivered at Paris. On his return to England, both this work and his *baggage* were *bonded*, which has occasioned the extraordinary delay in the publication.

N. B. Another volume, by a different Editor, is in great forwardness, having been some months in the Oxford Press, and will in a short time be ready for *delivery*!

EPIGRAM.

OF Liberty FRANK's so excessively fond,
 That he spurns all restraint, and breaks every *bond*;
 First the *bond* of allegiance he sever'd in twain,
 Nor could friendship's strong *bonds* the wild patriot restrain;
 He has broken already the *bonds* of affection,
 And would now break the *bond* of paternal protection!

SCOTIUS.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

ADULTERY and PATRIOTISM ; a short Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. M. P. By an Elector of Westminster, and one of his Constituents. Chapple, Pall-Mall. 1811. pp. 24.

" THERE he goes ! God bless him !—O, he's so moral, such a good husband, such an excellent father, such a sincere friend !" said an old woman, in our hearing, a few weeks ago, as she pointed out Sir Francis Burdett to her daughter. We smiled at the poor creature's silliness, for we knew that the Baronet was no better than his less hypocritical neighbours, and had good reason to believe that some of them even excelled him both in public and private virtue.—But Sir Francis is a *patriot* forsooth, and although the characters of patriots have been, of late, so much depreciated that men of sense consider them of no *sterling worth*, they still pass current among the ignorant : we are however of opinion that the little pamphlet before us will destroy this fictitious credit, as far as the Baronet of Piccadilly is concerned, and perhaps it may prevent the circulation of the *promissory notes* of his swindling partners.—Sir Francis Burdett's name associated with *adultery* ! Hear this, ye ragged, shirtless, shoeless Electors of Westminster !—Sir Francis Burdett ! he who exclaimed so bitterly against the incontinency of the Duke of York

commit adultery with *the wife of his friend!!!*—Impossible! impossible! impossible!—His *brother reformers* would scarcely believe him guilty of such conduct even if they were assured of the fact by his own relations, by his school-fellows, or by those *who had been at OXFORD with him*. “He, Heaven bless him,” say these wise-acres, “is not a man born unto sin—the education of his riper years—the morality of his associates, and the known purity of his intentions, render it impossible that he should be detected in *any such* practices.” Now we beg to observe that Mr. *John Horne Tooke* has been his *tutor*; that Despard, the O’Connors, and Wardle, were, or are, his associates, and that certain individuals were sentenced to be transported to Botany-bay for *perjuring* themselves in his favour at a late Middlesex election!!!

These trifling circumstances have not wholly escaped the observation of the *Westminster Elector* who has addressed to him “the short Letter on *Adultery and Patriotism*” which we are about to examine.

“My friends,” says he, “who have lived longer in the world than myself, who have seen the whole of the French Revolution, and witnessed the succession of *Patriots* and *Reformers*, who rose to power by treacherous and treasonable delusions of the people, and stepped to greatness on the bleeding bodies of Kings themselves. My friends, Sir Francis Bardett, told me, that your protestations were empty and unmeaning; that your horror of immorality was artificial; that your speeches, like the mummary of the stage, were studied, for the better carrying on the plot you had in hand; that you were the creature of art, and the child of hypocrisy.

“When I spoke of your laudable desire for Reform in Parliament, and the Purity of Election, they reminded me of certain mill-voters at Isleworth, against some thirty of whom were found bills for wilful and corrupt perjury in your cause; when I spoke of your firm attachment to our constitution, they told me you were the pupil of Horne Tooke, who had been tried for High Treason at the Old Bailey. This I rebutted by observing, that the reverend gentleman had been acquitted,

and was, in my mind, a man as well meaning towards the Government as your other particular friend Arthur O'Connor; to which they retorted—"Aye, but Sir Francis Burdett was equally intimate with Colonel Despard, who, with a select party of his private acquaintance, was hanged one morning on the top of the Surrey gaol, in Horsemonger-lane"—then they bade me ask you who paid the expenses of the various meetings in Oakley-street, at which these English worthies plotted the MURDER OF OUR KING, while you were the intimate associate of their leader. I saw what they meant, and laughed at all their hints; and when they told me that your name was nearly the last the regicide Despard uttered before he was gibbeted, I thought they were vilifying you, for, said I, "I have heard him talk of his attachment to the King and Constitution of England, and I will never believe that he could be the associate of wretches who were resolved upon the destruction of the one, and the consequent subversion of the other."

After this the author makes some shrewd observations on the Baronet's conduct towards the late unfortunate victim of profligacy and patriotism, Mr. Paul; cursorily alludes to his connection with Finnerty, Wardle, and other notorious characters, and then proceeds thus:

"You said in the House that it was painful to you to vote against the Duke of York—I believed it; but, said I, what can even he do, tender-hearted as he is—for a husband so exemplary, naturally shocked at conjugal infidelity, must take up these charges like a true Christian, in a moral as well as a political point of view.—But, said my friends, look at our obligations to the two men—Aye, said I, but while private virtue can dwell in the same breast with public zeal—"BURDETT FOR EVER!"

"What, asked one of my friends, has Sir Francis Burdett ever done beneficial to England?—What could I say—I could only hope and trust:—Why then, said that friend, pin your faith upon the sleeve of a mad theorist—of a man whose brain was turned when he was in Switzerland—of a man for whose purity of intentions we have only his own assurances—of a man whose unchanged political friends are of the most desperate species: why follow him—why cheer him—answer me, WHAT HAS he done? He has talked about placemen and pensioners, and railed at ministers—and what then—so did John Wilkes, and so was John

Wilkes cheered: and how did that end—why, John Wilkes ACCEPTED AN INCOME FROM THE HANDS OF THE ADMINISTRATION, AND DIED A PENSIONER.—Said I, *that* Sir Francis Burdett will never do—at which they laughed, seeming to imply that you would never have an opportunity of displaying your forbearance on such an offer. No, said I, Burdett is rich and independent, and if he were in want of money he would rather *deprive his own children of their fortunes* than become a burthen to the public—I was right Sir Francis.”

“*You were right,*” were you, Mr. Elector? And pray on what grounds is this assertion made?—What is it that you would insinuate? Supposing Sir Francis Burdett could, under any circumstances, be so *unnatural*, as to deprive, or *attempt* to deprive, even his *natural* children of their fortunes, that is, *of money which he had himself settled on them*, does it therefore follow that he would *sooner* rob his children than wrong his country? Has he ever shewn, by any act whatsoever, that he has such an extraordinary affection for his country?—and has he not already “*become a most grievous burthen to the public?*”—We should be mighty glad if the “*Elector of Westminster*” would answer these queries, which he doubtless can in the most satisfactory manner.

We shall not follow him through his detail of the numerous and varied incidents of his hero’s life, and of the arguments with which he *once* defended his public conduct, but shall hasten to his account of the event which occasioned him to *alter his opinion* of the patriotic Baronet.

After having drawn a glowing picture of what he *supposed to be* Sir Francis Burdett’s *domestic virtues*, he proceeds thus:

“Well, Sir, with these various circumstances floating in my mind, loving you as I did for your virtues, my friends all at once began to talk very oddly about you: I heard them hint strange things—I saw them nod and wink whenever I spoke of your private character, till at length they broke out into open jokes against you—one of them asked

if you were to go *Scott* free—another enquired when you had entered a *Oxford*—and a third wished to know whether you had made any addition to the *Harleian Miscellany*; all these quibbles, though I found they were meant to be witty, I could not see the bearing of, as relating to you, till one of the gravest amongst my associates, angry at my resolute adherence to you and your cause, told me that you, Sir Francis Burdett, the pure immaculate Patriot, the unstained moralist, the renowned Burdett, who held up his unsullied hand against the immorality of the Duke of York—Aye, you, Sir, that you, at this moment, have a child living, born of another man's wife since her marriage and your's!

“Can this be true? Sir Francis Burdett;—I seriously put this question to you as one of your constituents—this simple question, *Whether such story be true, and if there be, or be not, such a child in existence?*”

“I care not for the interested part you are represented to have taken about some matters—I speak only as to the child—*Is that story true?* I put it to you seriously by the hopes you entertain of sitting in Parliament again for Westminster—*Answer me if you can.*”

“If it be false, you are what I always thought you were—a genuine patriot calumniated and aspersed. If it be true—what are you then, Sir Francis Burdett? An hypocritical impostor! A mountebank politician, without principle or decency.—How had you the assurance to get up in the House of Commons and rail at the Duke of York for infidelity with a woman, “common as the air we breathe,” knowing that you yourself had stolen from your wife and children into another man's family, and robbed him of his domestic comforts?—hear me! tell me how you could stand up and revile the son of your King, and have the insolence, loaded with this guilt, to say, that his Royal Highness's affair with Mrs. Clarke “shewed a picture of hypocrisy and profligacy truly revolting to propriety and decency?”—Shameless effrontery! and that it was you said, while you knew that *you* yourself were the father of an illegitimate child by a married woman! As to your meanness in money transactions, what plea do you use about the *five thousand pounds* you are now seeking to recover legally from the relations of the wife you debauched. Ask yourself, Sir, whether the following words do not apply to your own case—you used them against the Duke of York:—“Such conduct makes a man's blood run cold—the annuity “was refused by the Duke although formerly promised; and on what “grounds was it refused—because though a bond had been promised, “yet no bond had been given.” These are your own words, and they seem as if you had literally furnished them for your opponents; but, as

I said before, I care nothing for your meanness—I speak only of your guilt.

If this story—this tale of deception be true, tell me what security have I, or any of your constituents, for your political attachment to England?—What reliance can I place upon your eloquent harangues? Why may you not be as faithless to your country as to your wife?—Why not as treacherous to your fellow-citizens as to your own children? Go teach your son to write Latin; be detected clasping Lady Burdett to your heart—do, Hypocrite! Are we to be fooled any longer—do you suppose you ever can deceive us again? No, Sir, the shouts of a shirtless mob, blind to the sense of decency, religion, and honor, may still attend you; but all confidence in you is at an end. I have ripped the mask half off, Sir Francis—I have seen enough to shudder at.—Pray God that some fortuitous circumstance may tear away the remnant.—Let the deluded wretches, who fancy you their friend, see the thing they have been worshipping; and, like converted savages, when awakened to a sense of their heathen blindness, they will learn to despise the gilded idol they once adored. Yes, if this be true, in the words of Cobbett will I speak, and cry aloud—‘*I hate, I loathe, I detest, Sir Francis Burdett.*’

We shall offer no comment on the preceding extract. Most of the author's observations are, in our opinion, perfectly correct; but we hope for the honour of human nature, that Sir Francis Burdett has in this instance been falsely accused. Our hopes, indeed, are by no means sanguine, for we have already witnessed the folly, the meanness, the profligacy, and the rapacity of a *modern* patriot.



CALCOGRAPHIA; or the Art of multiplying with Perfection Drawings after the Manner of Chalk, Black-lead Pencil, and Pen and Ink; exemplified by progressive Specimens of the various Styles which may be produced by this useful Invention; from Drawings by Messrs. Morland, Ibbetson, Clennell, Mann, and Hassell, for which

the Author was honored with a Medal of thirty Guineas by the Society of Arts, &c. &c. to which are added Practical Illustrations of the Art of Re-biting, to produce Strength and Effect; by J. H. I. EL. Sold by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Pater-noster-row, 1811. pp. 37. 4to. Price 15s.

Such is the compendious title of a work consisting of only *thirty-seven pages*. We have given it entire, and we are happy to observe that it contains a very correct analysis of the contents. Mr. Hassell's is certainly a valuable discovery, and his new method of engraving being very easily learnt, and very rapid in its execution, will, no doubt, be eagerly adopted by *amateurs* and artists. The plates display great softness, and have a much richer appearance than etchings; like which they may be *aquainted* with great effect. Any person who can draw may, with the assistance of the little book before us, execute the work with great facility. The following letter from the Secretary of the *Society of Arts*, announcing their having voted him the silver medal and thirty guineas, proves that they consider Mr. Hassell's discovery as important.

*Society of Arts, &c. Adelphi, London,
May 17, 1810.*

SIR,

I have the pleasure to acquaint you that the Society instituted for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, have voted to you their silver medal and thirty guineas for your invention of pen, pencil, and chalk drawings, which is likely to be highly advantageous to Artists; you are therefore desired to attend at the Society's house, in the Adelphi, on Tuesday morn-

ing the 29th of May, to receive the said reward from the hands of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, President.

Requesting your answer,

I have the honor to be,

SIR,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

CHARLES TAYLOR, M.D. Sec.

To Mr. John Hassell,

of Clement's Inn.

Mr. GREVILLE's Statement of Mr. Naldi's Case. Chapple,
Pall-mall. Price 1s. pp. 20.

THIS little pamphlet has been published by Mr. Greville, with the view of doing away the very unfavourable impression which his defence to the action brought against him by Signor Naldi had occasioned. Our readers will recollect that this defence was, "That Naldi, not having received his licence at the proper office, according to the letter of the *Alien Act*, was, in the eye of the law, to be regarded as an *alien enemy*, and, consequently, incapable of maintaining an action in a British court of justice.— This defence has been considered by many as not very honourable on the part of Mr. Greville, who appears most anxious to prove the contrary, and to convince the public that he was perfectly justified in pursuing the line of conduct to which he had resorted. We are by no means inclined to become the advocates of either party, but it is our duty to declare how far we consider Mr. Greville's statement calculated to produce that effect for which it was evidently written. Now candour compels us to acknowledge, that instead of proving the necessity of his resorting to that species of defence which has been so

much reprobated. Mr. Greville has, by this publication, most clearly shewn, that no such necessity existed : for he defends himself therein on *other grounds*, which, if they be correctly stated, would have stood him in as good stead in a court of justice. It appears that the following agreement was entered into between Mr. Greville and Mr. Taylor :

Mr. Taylor's Agreement.

“ The Institution in Argyle-Street having been set up on the avowed principle that it should not interfere with, or infringe upon, the established Theatres, of the Opera House, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, it could not therefore be viewed as being hostile to any of those Establishments; but it appearing since that it must be chiefly supported by Italian singers, which might increase the pretensions of those foreign performers (already by far too extravagant), by creating a competition, of which they would naturally take advantage ; it became a consideration with Mr. Taylor on the part of the Opera House, and Mr. Greville on that of the Argyle-Street Institution, how a consequence of that kind might be best avoided, without taking any advantage of their performers, by averting a similar advantage being taken on their part ; the result of that consideration has been an agreement upon the following conditions.

“ That Mr. Greville shall not in future engage or treat with any foreign performers such as are generally wanted at the Opera, without the consent of Taylor: that the exhibitions in Argyle-street shall be confined to those hitherto given there, under the Lord Chamberlain's License, and be limited to the number of twenty in each season, besides benefits. In consideration of which, Taylor on his part agrees to and with Mr. Greville, to form and make his engagements hereafter with singers for the Opera in such a manner, that four at the least of the principals, that is, two in the serious and two in the comic Operas, shall be bound to sing and perform in Argyle-street, where they are to be paid one-fourth part of their salaries. That if any singer extra to the usual Opera Establishment shall at any time be engaged at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Greville shall have the option or no as he pleases, to have the services of such extra performers, on paying one-third part of the salaries of such singers. And in order that the property of the Opera Concern may not be injured (but on the contrary protected and benefited, as well as that of the other two Theatres) by

the present arrangement, it is further agreed that after paying all the expences incidental to the Institution in Argyle-street each season (the entire management of which is to remain with Mr. Greville) together with a clear annual rent of 700^l.^{*} for the use of the premises there, and to enable Mr. Greville to pay the rents, taxes, and insurance attending the same, the clear and net surplus of profit and gain is to be equally divided, one moiety to Mr. Greville for his own proper use, and the other half to Mr. Taylor, to be by him included in the receipts and income of the Opera, and applied in like manner as the other income thereof now is, to the use of that concern, principally in rents, taxes, insurance, and performer's salaries. And this agreement (which does not include balls, masquerades, &c) is to continue for three years, and then to be at an end or renewed as parties may agree, but always without prejudice, and leaving the parties then in exactly the same situation in respect to the different interests in those separate concerns, as the same interests respectively stood before this agreement was entered into.

"I mean that Mr. Greville should receive a clear 700^l. of an improved rent, clear of taxes and insurance, and that all expenses whatsoever attending the twenty nights should be first paid, together with the said rent of 700^l. before any surplus or profit shall be divided.

W. T.

I agree to the contents of this paper.

HENRY F. GREVILLE.

"Mr. Taylor will have no objection to accommodate the Operas in Argyle-Street with such of the Opera Property as may be useful on those nights."

Mr. Greville informs us (p. 5.) that Mr. Taylor, in consequence of a dispute with Naldi, afterwards refused to *ratify* this agreement. Now as it appears to have been regularly signed, and might have been stamped, we consider that this refusal on the part of Taylor was nugatory, and that it was out of his power to prevent Naldi's singing at the Argyle Rooms. The agreement was evidently entered into for the mutual accommodation of both parties: if it remained in force, Mr. Greville's plea that he was justified in not paying Naldi, because that person might be called upon by Mr. Taylor to perform at the Opera-house on

* The mere annual charge of the Argyle was 1400^l.

the very night that his services might be required in Argyle-street is absurd; and if it was *not* in force, then Mr. Naldi, by his subsequent agreement with Mr. Taylor not to sing *any where* but at the Opera-house, without permission, completely abandoned his agreement with Mr. Greville; and this and the other violations of his covenants would certainly have been both a more honourable and a more effective defence than that of his being *an alien enemy*.—The agreement with Taylor might have been given in evidence to prove the abandonment of that with Mr. Greville.

After having stated that the agreement between Taylor and Naldi was entered into by the advice, and at the particular request of *himself*, it is rather astonishing that the author should make use of the following language:

“ But granting that Mr. Greville did enter into a *play-or-pay* contract, how could Naldi have performed his engagement if Mr. Greville had been reduced to the necessity of calling for his services the *Tuesdays* and the *Saturdays* ? ”—page 10.

Of course he would take care not to fix his burlettas on the nights of operatic performances at the King's Theatre. Mr. Greville must know that the written agreement could not be altered by any subsequent *parole* declaration of the parties; and it is idle to talk about any private understanding between him and Naldi as to how far its covenants were to be considered binding.

Why have we not this agreement given us at full length? We might then be enabled to form a just opinion upon the subject; at present it is impossible. We, however, acquit Mr. Greville of any dishonourable attempt to defraud Mr. Naldi of that which he *verily believed to be his due*, but consider that he acted under an erroneous impression, and was influenced by imprudent advice. There is something in Signor Naldi's conduct which we do not like—Why did he delay bringing this action till it was impossible for Mr. Gre-

ville to call upon him to *fulfil* those engagements for which he now seeks to be remunerated, although they were not performed?—Mr. Greville's assertion that Naldi's attorney, and his other creditors, instigated, and were in fact the prosecutors of this action, is a very serious charge, for it explicitly accuses them of an *indictable offence*, that of *maintainance*. Since the above was written, we have read the following letter in the *Morning Post* of July 30th, which we have extracted in justice to Mr. Naldi.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,

A pamphlet called "*Mr. Greville's Statement, &c.*" having just appeared, in which I find a wilful mis-statement of the nature of my engagement at the Argyle Theatre, I take the liberty, through the medium of your paper, to inform the Public, that I shall with all possible expedition prepare for the press a plain narrative of my professional acquaintance with Mr. G——, which, I trust, will remove any prejudice his unjust publication is calculated to create against me, and also prove a full justification of my character and conduct, as well as confirm the general opinion of my friends in regard to Mr. Greville's resistance of my just demand. Sir, your obedient Servant, J. NALDI.
St. James's street, July 29th, 1811.



THEATRICALS.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti!—HOR.

CIRCUMSTANCED as we are at this moment, it is impossible for us to pay that attention to the theatrical department of our work, which we promised, in our *forty-third* number, it should receive; indeed, any attempt to fulfil that promise could only be considered by the reflecting part of our readers as evidence of our insincerity.—But notwithstanding we are (as we shall be for a few weeks longer) restrained from personally attending the

theatres, we have an opportunity of exposing the inconsistencies and illiberalties of other critics; and this is no small gratification to ourselves, and will, we trust, enable us to afford some little amusement to others.

In order to display the *harmony* of newspaper criticisms, and the degree of influence which they ought to have over the public mind, we shall quote the opinions of the different *diurnal* critics on the subject of the new after-piece entitled "*The Quadrupeds of Quidlenburgh, or The Rivers of Weimar*," as they were delivered, on Saturday, July 27th, in THE TIMES, THE MORNING POST, THE MORNING CHRONICLE, and THE DAY.

The *first* of these newspapers assures us, that "as a burlesque, *The Rivers of Weimar* is amusing, for it fastens on the most tangible absurdities of the German drama, and fastens on them laughably."—THE DAY, on the contrary, roundly asserts, that "the best that can be said of it is, that it is a copy of a copy—that it is a tasteless imitation of, perhaps, an unnecessary, but certainly ingenious imitation of the Rehearsal;"—and "that as a satire it is abortive."

THE MORNING POST says—"This entertainment is said to be furnished by Mr. Colman," and that, "from the description given of the family in the first scene, without any previous information on the subject, we (the writer of the Post) should have thought it extremely probable that the piece was from the pen of the author of '*Sylvester Daggerwood*.'" Mr. Harry Phillips's man, however, declares in THE DAY, "that he could perceive nothing throughout the composition at all worthy of Mr. Colman."

THE MORNING CHRONICLE tells us that "*The Quadrupeds of Quidlenburgh* is built upon a happy and well-known satire, in which the extravagance of the German drama, and morbid sensibility of German taste, are expressed with powers of genuine ridicule," and that "the

additions and variations introduced" (by Mr. Colman) "are directed to the same object, and maintained with *congenial spirit*."

But the subject of the *Quadrupeds* themselves is that on which these LEARNED commentators differ in the most extraordinary manner. The TIMES says, "The cavalry were *centaurs* of a new description, half man and half *basket-work*; their APPEARANCE and SPIRIT were ADMIRABLE: they performed the usual stage-mancœuvres of cavalry—they plunged into rapid streams, ascended rushing cataracts, and scaled embattled towers—some died, and some fled; and the victors, the vanquished, and the *slain*, performed their respective *functions* with a truth, a nature, and a *vivacity*, which did them all EQUAL AND INFINITE HONOR."

Now, reader, mark the assertions of the *Auctioneers'* journeyman critic in the DAY—"The concluding scene," says he, "was one of *real action*. A castle, containing the *corpulent virgin* (Miss LESERVE) was stormed by men, or basket-horses, BUT IT WAS VERY BADLY MANAGED! The action was an *ineffectual* burlesque of that which takes place in TIMOUR THE TARTAR."

We are, on the other hand, assured by the MORNING POST, that this romance concludes with a grand battle, in which the last scene of 'TIMOUR THE TARTAR' is closely *imitated and burlesqued in the FIRST STYLE of extravagance*."

Now we will ask how any person, who has not had an opportunity of witnessing the representation of this drama, is to form any just idea of its merits or imperfections from the heterogeneous criticisms of newspaper critics, who profess to direct the public taste?—Is it not abominable that actors and authors should have their feelings thus sported with by a set of hirelings, who, either through

caprice, malice, or ignorance, mislead the public, and unjustly bring into contempt and disgrace the profession of their employers? It should never be forgotten that it is almost impossible for the editor of a daily newspaper to attend personally to every department, and that theatrical criticisms are generally written by persons hired for the purpose, and these are not unfrequently the most sordid and most unprincipled part of mankind. By them, as by certain reporters of law proceedings, correctness, truth, and justice, are always sacrificed to the gratification of avarice, malice, and all the baser passions of the human heart.

That there are some dramatic critics, and many law-reporters, to whom these observations are by no means applicable, we readily admit; but of their justness in a general point of view, we are thoroughly convinced.—As we are now on the subject of law reports, we cannot refrain from alluding to the atrocious falsehoods which appeared in "*The Morning Herald*," "*The Morning Advertiser*," and some other obscure and party newspapers, relative to the proceedings in the Court of King's bench, where a gentleman connected with the Satirist was brought up to receive judgment for attempting to expose a notorious Reformer and patron of libellers. These falsehoods must have been wilful, for they were not merely misrepresentations, but *completely the reverse* of what actually transpired; and could only have been inserted with the view of gratifying the little, dirty malice of our political and private enemies.

Whether the Editors of these papers were themselves privy to this scandalous dereliction of all proper principle will perhaps be ascertained hereafter: at present we are inclined to believe the contrary, and hope, for the honor of the profession, that this opinion will prove correct.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

Non nostrum inter vos TANTAS componere lites!—

VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?—

POPE.

1. A Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; by Robert Woodhouse, A.M. F.R.S.

“ We have now before us a *very* concise, *luminous*, and analytical view of an important science which has *never* been so *fully* treated of by any writer of our own country.—The subject to which Mr. Woodhouse next proceeds, is *Spherical* trigonometry; and he has treated it with the *same* brevity, *clearness*, and *extent*, that we have remarked in the preceding parts. We think Mr. Woodhouse has been *singularly* fortunate in the demonstration of some of these propositions. The rules for the solutions are stated with *remarkable* *clearness*.—Besides a very *clear* and *distinct* exposition of one of the most important branches of arithmetical science [logarithms], we meet here,” &c.—“ We cannot conclude without again remarking the *perspicuity*, *conciseness*, and *extent* which distinguish this Treatise. The perusal of this short analytical treatise will do more to make a person *completely* master of the principles and methods of trigonometrical calculation, than the study of many voluminous works drawn up in the ordinary form. We must also *commend* our

* The unfortunate British Critic is as careless this month as ever. Its last number reviews two publications (Custance on the Constitution, and Prynne's Prize Poem) which it had reviewed respectively eight and sixteen months before; and if, in the former of them, there was any difference in the editions, it appears to have noticed the latest edition first.

author, not only for what he has included, but for what he has left out. We would * be highly gratified if we could suppose that our remarks have in the least contributed to the perfection of a work which is already *so deserving of praise*."—Edinburgh Review.

"Mr. Woodhouse has some excellences, but he has many defects; and the latter *sadly preponderate*. A reader of this book will meet with specimens of knowledge and of *ignorance*, elegance and *slovenliness*, taste and *awkwardness*, adroitness and *clumsiness*, perspicuity and *obscurity*, *pedantry* and *vulgarity*, *affectation* and simplicity, *vanity* and modesty; and thus of almost every quality and of its opposite. The consequence of this is, that the student must necessarily *lose all confidence* in his author; a *very unfortunate* circumstance to a mathematical reader. The arrangement is *forced* and *unnatural*; there is *no appearance* of the lucid order; and even the punctuation is often so much neglected, as to render the author's *meaning doubtful*.—Such a deviation from strictness of method, must of necessity lead the way to *many awkwardnesses, deficiencies, and obscurities*; and in truth there is a *pretty large stock* of them. Our author's happy knack at *unintelligibility* is never more ingeniously exemplified," &c. "The *Spherical trigonometry* of this author is, we think, *more open to censure* than the *plane trigonometry*. His definitions are *loose*. Some of our author's demonstrations also in spherical trigonometry are equally *vague* and *unsatisfactory*. The rules for right-angled spherical triangles are *defective*. We might now proceed to make some remarks upon the *clumsiness* of Mr. Woodhouse's diagrams, and his *extreme deficiency* in practical examples," &c. "The book, considered as a whole, is so *extremely desultory, inelegant, and incomplete*, &c.—Eclectic Review.

"Our students have reason to *rejoice* that Mr. Woodhouse's labours have produced a treatise which will enable them, &c.—Monthly Review.

* We would suggest to the Scotch reviewers, that they *should learn* to write English.—SATIRIST.

2. Intercession and Thanksgiving for Kings; a Discourse delivered in the Parish Churches of Nettlebed and Pishill, Oxon, October 25, 1809: by the Reverend Henry Gauntlett.

"The loyalty of Mr. Gauntlett's discourse is *more conspicuous* than its *prudence*, and is liable to produce a reaction *injurious* to the *very cause* it espouses."—Eclectic Review.

"This is not only a loyal, but *in all respects* a *good sermon*."—British Critic.

3. An Essay on the Use of a Regulated Temperature in Winter Cough and Consumption; by Isaac Buxton, M. D. Physician to the London Hospital, and to the Surry Dispensary.

"Our medical readers will find in Dr. Buxton's work some *sensible* suggestions which may perhaps hereafter be turned to *good account*."—Monthly Review.

"We have to thank Dr. Buxton for a *sensible* and *useful* publication,"—Eclectic Review.

"The general character of this performance indicates that it aims at the *pockets* of the public; and if its author had not secured some portion of professional importance, by his connection with two valuable medical establishments in this metropolis, we should have left him to enjoy unmolested the fruits of this *empirical* appeal," &c. "We take the liberty of hinting, that in order to write a short popular essay, it is not necessary to be redundant, *vulgar*, *obscure*, and *unscientific*."—London Medical Review.*

* The Critical Review, in its article on this book, has the following choice passage: "Even cough and consumption are more likely to derive benefit from the dietetic regimen which has lately been proposed by Dr. Lambe, of the King's Road, Gray's Inn," &c.—Now Dr. Lambe is one of the Critical Reviewers; this must therefore be considered as a first specimen of a new kind of medical advertisement, or *puff critical and circumstantial*. It is indeed a pity that Dr. Lambe is conscious of being so obscure as to make it necessary to advertise not only himself but his address.

4. An Attempt to shew the Folly and Danger of Methodism ; in a Series of Essays first published in the weekly Paper called the Examiner : by the Editor of the Examiner.

"We read these essays when they first appeared in the Examiner, and thought that they displayed *considerable intelligence* and *acuteness* of remark."—Critical Review.

"This *laudable* and *successful* attempt to expose the methodists," &c. It appears to us, that, while earnestly recommending ridicule, the author has been *too* serious and *sensible*:—there is still an *abundance* of *facetious reasoning* and *functful illustration*. It is an *entertaining, useful, and valuable* pamphlet."—Monthly Mirror.

"The *silly* invectives of a *simpleton*, who writes in a newspaper."†—Eclectic Review.

5. The Lost Child ; a Christmas Tale, founded upon a fact.

"In trying to be simple, the author *sometimes* approaches the confines of *vulgarity*."—Critical Review.

"This tale is told in plain language, always simple but *never* low.—Antijacobin Review.

6. A Treatise on the Conduct of God to the Human Species, by the late Reverend J. Hare, A M.

"The present publication deserves our *praise*. Mr. Hare *argues strongly*," &c. : "he *ably* insists, &c. ; "thus laying the *proper foundation* for the great scheme of christian redemption."—British Critic.

"Mr. Hare has fallen into a *variety* of *gross* and *often pernicious errors* ; which we should have more minutely examined, and to the best of our ability exposed, had not his work contained so much *feebleness* and *absurdity*, so many *preposterous* phrases and *unintelligible* propositions, as render it more an object of *disgust* than a source of alarm.—Eclectic Review

† A quotation from Junius.

7. The Principles of Surgery, Volume III.; by John Bell, Surgeon.

"From the frequency with which Mr. Bell's professional exertions have been employed in cases of the most calamitous nature, he has had opportunities of making those *useful* and *interesting* observations which *abound* in *every part* of his writings. We add with much pleasure our *warmest recommendation* of this as well as the preceding volumes of Mr. Bell's performance."—Eclectic Review.

"To the young surgeon, Mr. Bell's work affords an *inexhaustible store* of *materials* for *study* and reflection, a *most valuable* collection of cases and operations, and a *large* body of that kind of *knowledge* which is of the *most extensive* application and the *most immediate* utility. The *histories* and *descriptions*, pathological and anatomical, may be regarded as *unrivalled* for *clearness* of discrimination, *felicity* of expression, and the *faithful delineation* of nature. The *plates* are *well executed*, and *highly characteristic*."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Bell has been too long and too† extensively known to the medical public, to make it necessary for us to adduce the specimens with which these pages are *literally loaded*, of *offensive egotism*, *overstrained description*, and *colloquial vulgarity*. He is *always rhodomontading* with his pen, and *always caricaturing* with his pencil; and the design that pervades the whole seems at least as much to make us *merry*, as to make us wise."—London Medical Review.

"Eleven guineas‡ is no trifling sum for a student in surgery; and we conceive that in general he will find *much better* means of employing that sum, than in the *purchase* of *Mr. Bell's works*. Instead, therefore, of promoting the education of our youth, as Mr. Bell anxiously professes to do, he is taking from that which may perhaps be the only means of increasing their knowledge;

* This extract refers to both the second and third volumes.—SATIRIST.

† "Too extensively." So in the original.—SATIRIST.

‡ The price of all Mr. Bell's volumes.—SATIRIST.

and in* swelling their libraries with *crude materials*, instead of enriching their minds with *useful information*.”—[Quotation.] “The *unblushing arrogance* of these and *many* similar assertions dispersed through the work, really astonish the reader who has ever appealed to books. His astonishment however will perhaps diminish, as he proceeds in the singular introduction which forms the first of the seven discourses into which the book is divided; for he will find that *downright nonsense*, as well as *unfounded assertion*, is employed without scruple, provided it can fill a chasm, or swell out a page.—The author then, without remorse, plunges himself into the very depths of hypothetical uncertainty, talks *wildly*,” &c. “till the *distraction* of his sentiments absolutely exceeds that of his ‘living fibres.’ Unfortunately, we are so prejudiced in favour of the old-fashioned style of *honest sober truth*, that we cannot help feeling something very like *disgust*, if not *distrust*, when we are told,” &c. “It is with regret that we must notice, even in the parts of the work which display acute observation, that unlucky propensity for *inconsistency* and *absurdity* which pervades the whole writings of this extraordinary author.” [Quotation.] “All this however is nothing to his descriptions of the use,” &c.; “throughout which he rings the changes upon a peal of *noisy words*, in a manner which reminds us of his family-name, and almost tempts even our gravity to pun upon it†. Mr. Bell, throughout his book, has been very liberal in his supply of *plates*. *Many* of them are as *ill executed* as they are singularly planned, and as *extravagantly grotesque* as they are *glaringly false*.—From a gentleman appearing in the

* “In:” perhaps misprinted for “is.”—SATIRIST.

† It is a *tempting* occasion indeed, to *Gravity* itself, but the result has been rather *heavy*:—“Mr. Bell rings the changes upon a peal of *noisy words*!” This is the first specimen of exquisite wit, that we have observed in the *British Critic*. It reminds us of the notable sally of the *Monthly Review*, mentioned before by us (at page 316 of our first volume), on a Translation of the Book of *Job* by Bishop *Stock*; that it appeared to be a *job* book, and was not likely to become a *stock* book. We are thankful for even the awkward pranks which *Dulness* plays in order to enliven us.—SATIRIST.

double character of a teacher and an author, we expect something like arrangement ; and hope to meet with *perspicuity, accuracy, and fidelity*. In all these however, Mr. Bell is *eminently deficient*. We cannot give an abstract view of the contents of this book better than in the words which are applied by Mr. Bell himself to the works of others : it principally consists of ‘ narratives and drawings which *stagger all belief, too wonderful to have any relation to practice, and proving nothing so much as the learned credulity or personal vanity of the narrator.*’—British Critic*.

8. Fragments in Prose and Verse, by a Young Lady [Miss Elizabeth Smith] lately deceased.

“ Miss Smith’s *verses* are just what *any other* lady or gentleman of *ordinary* talents, and of Miss Smith’s education, would

* Light would be our task in this Comparative department of our labours, if the Critical *journals* as they stile themselves) were in any degree *simultaneous* in their notices of the subjects which fall under their cognizance ; in other words, if each month’s Reviews gave an account of the publications of the month or two next preceding, and thus kept pace with the other productions of the press. In the case of Mr. Bell’s volume, however, which is the subject of the above extracts, there is a difference of *above two years and a half* between the times of its being noticed by the several reviews which we have quoted concerning it ; the consequence of which is, that we have to turn over an immense number of old Reviews in order to discover and compare the various critiques. The lagging step of the British Critic caused our trouble in this instance ; but even that is trifling, to the snail’s progress of the Monthly Review. The Number of that Review for May notices for the first time two works which had been respectively criticised in other Reviews *forty-nine* and *fifty months before* (Macdonald’s Dictionary of Gardening, which had appeared in the British Critic for April 1807 ; and Anatomical Examinations, in the Oxford Review of the *first* of April in that year) : and in last month’s Number (for June) are two other works which had been criticised earlier (Clarke on Minerals, by the Critical Review ; and Neill’s Tour, by the Eclectic) by *forty-nine months* and *four years and a quarter* ! Neither of these examples was occasioned by the appearance of new editions since the original publication of the respective works.—SATIRIST.

have locked the door and written; and, having written, would have secreted in a portfolio. The young lady's *maxims* and *reflections* are few of them *new* or *striking*."—Critical Review.

"Some *beautiful poetry* is occasionally interspersed with her reflections."—British Critic.

"There is *much acuteness* and *ingenuity*, and often, a *refined delicacy* of moral taste, in the *remarks* which have been transcribed from Miss Smith's pocket-books, and from some of her familiar letters."—Eclectic Review.

9. Practical Sermons; by Abraham Rees, D.D. F.R.S. Editor of the New Cyclopædia.

"We heartily wish that these sermons were not so exclusively practical as to amount to mere moral essays, *seldom animated* enough to excite the *smallest spark* of *religious fervour*."—British Critic.

"If Dr. Rees's sermons bear not the 'hall-mark' of modern orthodoxy, they are nevertheless *evangelical*: they breathe the *spirit* of the divine Preacher on the Mount; and they are calculated to produce those effects on the human heart, at which He aimed in the course of His public ministry. The author is not less *animated* than argumentative."—Monthly Review.

§ 10. Zeal without Innovation.

"The subject of this work is of the highest importance; and the author has treated it with *considerable ability*, and, as it appears to us, with the *best intentions*. We have read this work with *great pleasure*, and *recommend* it with *earnestness*."—British Critic.

"This work is the production of one who is *anxiously desirous* of the *virtue* and *happiness* of mankind; and uniting, with *much religious zeal*, *soundness of judgment*, and in general *moderation of temper*. The *whole volume* manifests a *sincere desire* to serve the cause of religion, and is *deserving the serious perusal*," &c. —Annual Review.

"There are works which owe their importance to the subjects on which they treat, and their tendency," &c. "Their *infection* renders them formidable. The matter of *contagion* ought not to be slighted on account of the *meanness* of the vehicle by which it is transmitted. We are sorry to be under the necessity of classing the *performance before us* with works of *that nature*; but our conviction of its *deserving that character*, must be our apology for bestowing a degree of *attention* upon it, to which it is *not otherwise entitled*. In the pursuit of the author's professed design, he betrays so many mean partialities and ungenerous prejudices, as utterly disqualify him from doing justice to the subject. There is a complication in his views, a wheel within a wheel, quite incompatible with simplicity of mind and perfect purity of intention. There appears too much reason to regard him as an artful bigoted partizan, acting under the disguise of a philanthropist and a reformer.—The reader has in this passage a tolerable specimen of the vanity and effrontery of this writer."—*Eclectic Review*.*

§. "Although the author positively denies that he belongs to that class of clergymen now commonly denoted Evangelical, he appears as their advocate, dwelling largely on their merits, and defending them," &c.—*Annual Review*.

"After expressing his contempt of the Evangelical clergy as preachers, the author proceeds to characterise them," &c. "The writer cannot have intended the reformation of the party on which he has animadverted. They can only feel for him those sentiments which unfounded calumny is apt to inspire."—*Eclectic Review*.

* The following passage, from the conclusion of the same critique, may throw some light on the general tone of the above extract: "We forbear to notice the illiberal insinuations of the author concerning this Review, because we consider his disapprobation as the most acceptable compliment he could pay us."



Napoleon's Night Comforts

Published for the Satirist Sept "1" 1811